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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Chronicles of the Canongate. Second Series. By the Author of *Waverley*, &c. 3 vols. Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

HAVING been published early in the week, many of our readers will have read this historical novel before our review of it can be laid before them. For the rest, as the bad translators from the French say, they will peruse it so soon, that any elaborate criticism of ours would be worse than wasted, even were we at this time of day inclined to deliver opinions upon the Author of *Waverley*. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with observing, that the period of Scottish history here illustrated by his pen, seems always to have left a strong impression on the mind of Sir Walter Scott. Of the battle of Homildon Hill he made a dramatic poem; and the conflict between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Kay, on the North Inch of Perth, forms one of the most remarkable of the Tales of a Grandfather (see that work, vol. ii. p. 67). In the present publication we have the characters of the same era drawn out in fuller proportions, from King Robert III. to Henry Wynd, the valiant citizen of Perth, whose alliance so largely contributed to win the field for the Clan Chattan; some fictitious personages introduced; and the whole wrought into a *Chronicle* (if such a composition can with propriety be so called) of vivid and striking reality. The circumstances are related with all the force of actual truth; the *dramatis personæ* are developed either with historical fidelity or a keen perception of human nature in those fierce and barbarous times; and king, prince, noble, citizen, clansman, retainers, glee-maiden, &c. are individualised with the skill of an acute observer, who had lived among the chivalrous barons, warlike burghers, and wild Highlanders,—amidst the feuds and brawls,—of the closing years of the fourteenth century.

We do not, however, mean to say that the facts of history or of individual character have been scrupulously adhered to: on the contrary, they have been disregarded when it suited the author to shape his narrative into a higher, more affecting, or more tragical tone. Thus, Henry Wynd, the little bandy-legged saddler of tradition, who for half a French crown periled his life in mortal combat, is elevated into the best armoured in Scotland,—an athlete of good bodily appearance, and a hero in soul. The chief of the Clan Kay is a creature of superstition and romance, whose imagined conduct has a leading influence throughout the tale. The death of the unfortunate Duke of Rothsay is brought about by other causes and other instruments than our annals have assigned, though the principal incidents of his sad fate, as our report has handed them down, have been preserved with appalling minuteness.

In other respects, the *Fair Maid of Perth*, the daughter of Simon Glover, a worthy citizen of that place, though adorned with great per-

fections, is, like most of the author's heroines, rather uninteresting. We are never afraid of aught that is threatened of danger towards her; and she reaches her apotheosis without affording us any extraordinary degree of pleasure. The imagined citizens of Perth are admirably conceived. Henbane Dwining, a learned and travelled leech or pottinger, is a powerful agent in the drama; and Simon Glover himself, Bailie Craigdallie, Oliver Proudfoot bonnet-maker, Griffin not of that ilk but of that inn, &c. &c. are all faithfully painted, and cleverly contrasted: whilst Mrs. Proudfoot, Dorothy Glover the domestic of Simon, Luckie Shoobred the Smith's housekeeper, and Louise the gleewoman, serve, with them, not only to display the manners of the age, but to carry on the business of the story. Of the genuine persons known to us by record, King Robert, simple-hearted and wavering; his gay and thoughtless son Rothsay, and his brother the crafty and ambitious Duke of Albany, are finely developed. The Black Douglas is not perhaps so accurately depicted: indeed he is more peculiarly and forcibly drawn by several ancient writers; but still he is a bold sketch upon the canvass of Sir Walter's grouping. Of the equally potent Earl of March we do not see much; but these mighty feudal lords, together with their followers, priors and monks, Sir Patrick Charteris provost of Perth, Ramorny master of the horse to the Duke of Rothsay, Eviot his page, Bonthron a ruffian, the foster-father and brothers of the chieftain of Clan Kay, and many inferior characters,—are stamped with the masterly touch of our great delineator of the men and manners of ancient as well as modern days. Of his powers in this respect, nearly the whole of the last volume is a remarkable example: the catastrophe of Rothsay in Falkland castle; and, still more, the contest of the clans on the Inch of Perth, are not surpassed by anything he has ever done. The latter we are inclined to class above the matchless tournament in *Ivanhoe*, inasmuch as its reality and deep tragedy are superior to the show and chivalry of that superb picture. But the most original and striking feature in this production is, that the author has contrived to invest the character of a coward with the finest of our sympathies. This is an entirely novel idea; and we wonder when we find that such a being—the general scuff, derision, and at best pity, of all preceding times and writers—is, by a magical charm and a just view of nature, rendered one for whom our feelings are warmly excited, and for whose destiny our tears are made to flow.

With these preliminaries we shall proceed to a brief epitome of the *Fair Maid of Perth*, and a few quotations to exemplify her Chronicle. The book opens on St. Valentine's eve: King Robert is holding his court in the Dominican convent at Perth; and we become acquainted with the inhabitants of that city who are necessary to the tale, especially with Katie Glover, whose rare beauty inspires all hearts, from that of the heir-apparent to Henry Wynd

the armourer, and Conachar, a Highland youth, apprentice to Simon Glover, over whose connexion a mystery hangs, till he is discovered to be the only son of the head of Clan Kay. During the Valentine revels, when chivalry bent at the shrine of female loveliness with perfect devotion, though sometimes not with perfect purity, the fair daughter of the Glover was an object of universal attraction. A midnight attempt to carry her off, by Rothsay, and Ramorny and his other adherents, is defeated by the brave Smith, who is her Valentine, and who in the affray chops off the hand of the luckless master of the prince's horse. Other scenes and revels succeed on Shrove Tuesday, or Eastern's Eve; when Proudfoot, a good-natured boaster, who is always imitating the Smith, is mistaken for his prototype, and assassinated by Bonthron, in revenge for this wound. The corpse is found on the morning of Ash Wednesday, and the hardly appeased tumults in the city, occasioned by the gallant affair at Simon Glover's, are renewed against the reckless courtiers with greater fury than before. The rumour runs at first that Henry Smith has been murdered; which throws the Fair Maid, who had hitherto been coy and cold to his addresses, off her guard; and the following ensues.

"Catharine ran through the streets of Perth in a manner which at another moment would have brought on her the attention of every one who saw her hurrying on with a reckless impetuosity, wildly and widely different from the ordinary decency and composure of her step and manner, and without the plaid, scarf, or mantle, which 'women of good,' of fair character and decent rank, universally carried around them, when they went abroad. But, distracted as the people were, every one inquiring or telling the cause of the tumult, and most recounting it different ways, the negligence of her dress, and discomposure of her manner, made no impression on any one; and she was suffered to press forward on the path she had chosen, without attracting more notice than the other females, who, stirred by anxious curiosity or fear, had come out to inquire the cause of an alarm so general—it might be to seek for friends, for whose safety they were interested. As Catharine passed along, she felt all the wild influence of the agitating scene, and it was with difficulty she forbore from repeating the cries of lamentation and alarm which were echoed around her. In the meantime, she rushed rapidly on, embarrassed like one in a dream, with a strange sense of dreadful calamity, the precise nature of which she was unable to define, but which implied the terrible consciousness, that the man who loved her so fondly, whose good qualities she so highly esteemed, and whom she now felt to be dearer than perhaps she would before have acknowledged to her own bosom, was murdered, and most probably by her means."

"Without knowing what she sought, except the general desire to know the worst of the dreadful report, she hurried forward to the very spot, which of all others her feelings of

the preceding day would have induced her to avoid. Who would, upon the evening of Shrove-tide, have persuaded the proud, the timid, the shy, the rigidly decorous Catharine Glover, that before mass on Ash Wednesday she should rush through the streets of Perth, making her way amidst tumult and confusion, with her hair unbound, and her dress disarranged, to seek the house of that same lover, who, she had reason to believe, had so grossly and indelicately neglected and affronted her, as to pursue a low and licentious amour!

"At length, without any distinct idea of her own purpose, she stood before her lover's door, and knocked for admittance. The silence which succeeded the echoing of her hasty summons increased the alarm which had induced her to take this desperate measure. 'Open,—open, Henry!' she cried. 'Open, if you yet live!—Open, if you would not find Catharine Glover dead upon your threshold!' As she cried thus frantically to ears which she was taught to believe were stopped by death, the lover she invoked opened the door in person, just in time to prevent her sinking on the ground. The extremity of his ecstatic joy upon an occasion so unexpected, was qualified only by the wonder which forbade him to believe it real, and by his alarm at the closed eyes, half-opened and blanched lips, total absence of complexion, and apparently total cessation of breathing. Henry had remained at home, in spite of the general alarm, which had reached his ears for a considerable time, fully determined to put himself in the way of no bravals that he could avoid; and it was only in compliance with a summons from the magistrates, which, as a burgher, he was bound to obey, that, taking his sword and buckler from the wall, he was about to go forth, for the first time unwillingly, to pay his service, as his tenure bound him. 'It is hard,' he said, 'to be put forward in all the town feuds, when the fighting work is so detestable to Catharine. I am sure there are enough of wenches in Perth, that say to their gallants, 'Go out—do your devoir bravely, and win your lady's grace'; and yet they send not for their lovers, but for me, who cannot do the duties of a man to protect a minstrel woman, or of a bourgeois who fights for the honour of his town, but this peevish Catharine uses me as if I were a brawler and borderer!' Such were the thoughts which occupied his mind, when, as he opened his door to issue forth, the person dearest to his thoughts, but whom he certainly least expected to see, was present to his eyes, and dropped into his arms. His mixture of surprise, joy, and anxiety, did not deprive him of the presence of mind which the occasion demanded. To place Catharine Glover in safety, and recall her to herself, was to be thought of before rendering obedience to the summons of the magistrates, however pressing that had been delivered. He carried his lovely burden, as light as a feather, yet more precious than the same quantity of purest gold, into a small bedchamber which had been his mother's. It was the most fit for an invalid, as it looked into the garden, and was separated from the noise of the tumult. 'Here, Nurse—Nurse Shoolbred—come quick—come for death and life—here is one wants thy help!' Up trotted the old dame. 'If it should but prove any one that will keep thee out of the scuffle,' for she also had been aroused by the noise,—but what was her astonishment, when, placed in love and reverence on the bed of her late mistress, and supported by the athletic arms of her foster son, she saw the apparently lifeless form of the Fair Maid of Perth. 'Catharine Glover!' she

said; 'and, Holy Mother—a dying woman, as it would seem!' 'Not so, old woman,' said her foster-son; 'the dear heart throbs—the sweet breath comes and returns! Come then, that may aid her more meetly than I—bring water—essences—whatever thy old skill can devise. Heaven did not place her in my arms to die, but to live for herself and me.' With an activity which her age little promised, Nurse Shoolbred collected the means of restoring animation; for, like many women of the period, she understood what was to be done in such cases, nay, possessed a knowledge of treating wounds of an ordinary description, which the warlike propensities of her foster-son kept in pretty constant exercise. 'Come now,' she said, 'son Henry, unfold your arms from about my patient—though she is worth the pressing—and set thy arms at freedom to help me with what I want. Nay, I will not insist on your quitting her hand, if you will beat the palm gently, as the fingers uncloset their clenched grasp.' 'I beat her slight beautiful hand!' said Henry; 'you were as well bid me beat a glass cup with a fore-hammer, as tap her fair palm with my horn-hard fingers. But the fingers do unfold, and we will find a better way than beating; and he applied his lips to the pretty hand, whose motion indicated returning sensation. One or two deep sighs succeeded, and the Fair Maid of Perth opened her eyes, fixed them on her lover, as he knelt by the bedside, and again sunk back on the pillow. As she withdrew not her hand from her lover's hold or from his grasp, we must in charity believe that the return to consciousness was not so complete as to make her aware that he abused the advantage, by pressing it alternately to his lips and his bosom. At the same time we are compelled to own, that the blood was colouring in her cheek, and that her breathing was deep and regular, for a minute or two during this relapse. The noise at the door began now to grow much louder, and Henry was called for by all his various names, of Smith, Gow, and Hal of the Wynd, as heathens used to summon their deities by different epithets."

Simon Glover comes from the inquest upon Proudfoot's body to quicken his friend the Smith.

"Unrestrained by the considerations of doubt and hesitation which influenced others, he repaired to the parlour; and having overheard the bustling of Dame Shoolbred, he took the privilege of intimacy to ascend to the bedroom, and, with the slight apology of—'I crave your pardon, good neighbour,' he opened the door, and entered the apartment, where a singular and unexpected sight awaited him. At the sound of his voice, May Catharine experienced a revival much speedier than Dame Shoolbred's restoratives had been able to produce; and the paleness of her complexion changed into a deep glow of the most lovely red. She pushed her lover from her with both her hands, which, until this minute, her want of consciousness, or her affection, awakened by the events of the morning, had well nigh abandoned to his caresses. Henry Smith, bashful as we know him, stumbled as he rose up; and none of the party were without a share of confusion, excepting Dame Shoolbred, who was glad to make some pretext to turn her back to the others, in order that she might enjoy a laugh at their expense, which she felt herself utterly unable to restrain, and in which the Glover, whose surprise, though great, was of short duration, and of a joyful character, sincerely joined. 'Now, by good St. John,' he said, 'I thought I had seen a sight this

morning that would cure me of laughter, at least till Lent was over; but this would make me curl my cheek if I were dying. Why, here stands honest Henry Smith, who was lamented as dead, and told'd out for from every steeple in town, alive, merry, and, as it seems from his ruddy complexion, as like to live as any man in Perth. And here is my precious daughter, that yesterday would speak of nothing but the wickedness of the wights that haunt profane sports, and protect glee-maidens—ay, she who set St. Valentine and St. Cupid both at defiance,—here she is, turned a glee-maiden herself for what I can see! Truly, I am glad to see that you, my good Dame Shoolbred, who give way to no disorder, have been of this loving party.' 'You do me wrong, my dearest father,' said Catharine, as if about to weep. 'I came here with far different expectations than you suppose. I only came because—because—' 'Because you expected to find a dead lover,' said her father; 'and you have found a living one, who can receive the tokens of your regard and return them. Now, were it not a sin, I could find in my heart to thank Heaven that thou hast been surprised at last into owning thyself a woman.—Simon Glover is not worthy to have an absolute saint for his daughter.—Nay, look not so piteously, nor expect condolence from me! Only I will try not to look merry, if you will be pleased to stop your tears, or confess them to be tears of joy.' 'If I were to die for such a confession,' said poor Catharine, 'I could not tell what to call them. Only believe, dear father, and let Henry believe, that I would never have come hither, unless—unless—' 'Unless you had thought that Henry could not come to you,' said her father. 'And now shake hands in peace and concord, and agree as Valentines should.'"

Suspicion of Proudfoot's murder falls on Ramorny and his people: the former is *assoluted* on the testimony of the Prince; but the latter are put to the ordeal of *bier-right*, that is, to attest their innocence by oath in the church, where the corpse is placed on the altar before them. This ceremony is well described: Bonthron refuses the appeal, and challenges single combat instead. He is opposed by the Smith, as the widow's chosen champion, and defeated. Upon this he confesses the murder, but is suborned by his master Ramorny and Dwining to accuse the Duke of Rothsay of having employed him: he is then borne to execution, but saved from the gallows-death by the devices of the fiendish Pottingar. The prince is, at the instigation of Albany, placed in ward of the Constable Errol. Of the unhappy state of the country at this period, a reforming monk, whose discourses have converted the beautiful Catharine, and led even her cautious father to speak rather irreverently of the church, draws a hasty but striking outline. "When I behold," he says, "this rich and varied land, with its castles, churches, convents, stately palaces, and fertile fields, these extensive woods, and that noble river, I know not, my daughter, whether most to admire the bounty of God or the ingratitude of man. He hath given us the beauty and fertility of the earth, and we have made the scene of his bounty a charnel-house and a battle-field. He hath given us power over the elements, and skill to erect houses for comfort and defence, and we have converted them into dens for robbers and ruffians." The flight of this holy father to the Highlands, and also of Simon Glover, who is accused of heresy, changes the scene, and brings us into contact with the wild

inhabitants of that wild region. The funeral of Gilchrist MacIain, the chief of the clan Quehele or Kay, and the banquet which follows it, are detailed with all the spirit of the author: the natural panorama on Loch Tay, the boat procession, the wailing of the mourners, the harsh notes of the national bagpipe sweetened into music by distance, the installation of Eachin or Conachar in his father's seat, are splendid instances of graphic and descriptive powers. Here, however, the most important point is a midnight interview between the youthful chieftain and his quondam master the Glover; in which the former, after having been refused the hand of Catharine, confides his fatal secret to the astonished citizen.

"I understand your tale," said Eachin; "but I shall find it difficult to make you credit mine, knowing the race of which I am descended, and especially him whom we have this day laid in the tomb—well that he lies where he will never learn what you are now to hear! Look, my father—the light which I bear grows short and pale,—a few minutes will extinguish it—but before it expires, the hideous tale will be told.—Father, I am—a coward!—It is said at last, and the secret of my disgrace is in keeping of another!" The young man sunk back in a species of syncope, produced by the agony of his mind as he made the fatal communication. The Glover, moved as well by fear as by compassion, applied himself to recall him to life, and succeeded in doing so, but not in restoring him to composure. He hid his face with his hands, and his tears flowed plentifully and bitterly. "For Our Lady's sake, be composed," said the old man, "and recall the vile word! I know you better than yourself—you are no coward, but only too young and inexperienced, ay, and somewhat too quick of fancy, to have the steady valour of a bearded man. I would hear no other man say that of you, Conachar, without giving him the lie.—You are no coward—I have seen high sparks of spirit fly from you even on slight enough provocation." "High sparks of pride and passion!" said the unfortunate youth; "but when saw you them supported by the resolution that should have backed them? The sparks you speak of, fell on my dastardly heart as on a piece of ice, which could catch fire from nothing—if my offended pride urged me to strike, my weakness of mind prompted me the next moment to fly." "Want of habit," said Simon; "it is by clambering over walls that youths learn to scale precipices. Begin with slight feuds—exercise daily the arms of your country in tourney with your followers." "And what leisure is there for this?" exclaimed the young chief, starting as if something horrid had occurred to his imagination. "How many days are there betwixt this hour and Palm Sunday, and what is to chance then?—A list enclosed, from which no man can stir, more than the poor bear who is chained to his stake. Sixty living men, the best and fiercest, (one alone excepted!) which Albyn can send down from her mountains, all athirst for each other's blood, while a king and his nobles, and shouting thousands besides, attend, as at a theatre, to encourage their demoniac fury! Blows clang, and blood flows, thicker, faster, redder—they rush on each other like madmen—they tear each other like wild beasts—the wounded are trodden to death amid the feet of their companions! Blood ebbs, arms become weak—but there must be no parley, no truce, no interruption, while any of the maimed wretches remain alive! Here is no

crouching behind battlements, no fighting with missile weapons,—all is hand to hand, till hands can no longer be raised to maintain the ghastly conflict.—If such a field is so horrible in idea, what think you it will be in reality?" The Glover remained silent. "I say again, what think you?" "I can only pity you, Conachar," said Simon. "It is hard to be the descendant of a lofty line—the son of a noble father—the leader by birth of a gallant array—and yet to want, or think you want (for still I trust the fault lies much in a quick fancy, that over-estimates danger), to want that dogged quality, which is possessed by every game-cock that is worth a handful of corn, every hound that is worth a mess of offal. But how chanced it, that with such a consciousness of inability to fight in this battle, you proffered even now to share your chieftom with my daughter? Your power must depend on your fighting this combat, and in that Catharine cannot help you." "You mistake, old man," replied Eachin; "were Catharine to look kindly on the earnest love I bear her, it would carry me against the front of the enemies with the mettle of a war-horse. Overwhelming as my sense of weakness is, the feeling that Catharine looked on would give me strength. Say yet—oh, say yet—she shall be mine if we gain the combat; and not the *Gow Chrom* himself, whose heart is of a piece with his anvil, ever went to battle so light as I shall do! One strong passion is conquered by another." "This is folly, Conachar. Cannot the recollections of your interest, your honour, your kindred, do as much to stir your courage, as the thoughts of a bent-browed lass? Fie upon you, man!" "You tell me but what I have told myself—but it is in vain," replied Eachin, with a sigh. "It is only whilst the timid stag is paired with the doe, that he is desperate and dangerous. Be it from constitution—be it, as our Highland calliachs will say, from the milk of the white doe—be it from my peaceful education, and the experience of your strict restraint—be it, as you think, from an overheated fancy, which paints danger yet more dangerous and ghastly than it is in reality, I cannot tell. But I know my failing, and—yes, it must be said—so sorely dread that I cannot conquer it, that, could I have your consent to my wishes on such terms, I would even here make a pause, renounce the rank I have assumed, and retire into humble life." "What, turn Glover at last, Conachar?" said Simon; "this beats the legend of St. Crispin. Nay, nay, your hand was not framed for that; you shall spoil me no more doe-skins." "Jest not," said Eachin, "I am serious. If I cannot labour, I will bring wealth enough to live without it. They will proclaim me recreant with horn and war-pipe—Let them do so.—Catharine will love me the better that I have preferred the paths of peace to those of bloodshed; and Father Clement shall teach us to pity and forgive the world, which will load us with reproaches that would not. I shall be the happiest of men.—Catharine will enjoy all that unbounded affection can confer upon her, and will be freed from apprehension of the sights and sounds of horror, which your ill-assorted match would have prepared for her; and you, Father Glover, shall occupy your chimney-corner, the happiest and most honoured man that ever—" "Hold, Eachin—I pry'thee, hold," said the Glover; "the fir light, with which this discourse must terminate, burns very low, and I would speak a word in my turn, and plain dealing is best.

Though it may vex, or perhaps enrage you, let me end these visions by saying at once.—Catharine can never be yours. A glove is the emblem of faith, and a man of my craft should, therefore, less than any other, break his own. Catharine's hand is promised—promised to a man whom you may hate, but whom you must honour.—to Henry the Armourer. The match is fitting by degree, agreeable to their mutual wishes, and I have given my promise. It is best to be plain at once—resent my refusal as you will—I am wholly in your power.—But nothing shall make me break my word." The Glover spoke thus decidedly, because he was aware, from experience, that the very irritable disposition of his former apprentice yielded, in most cases, to stern and decided resolution. Yet, recollecting where he was, it was with some feelings of fear that he saw the dying flame leap up, and spread a flash of light on the visage of Eachin, which seemed pale as the grave, while his eye rolled like that of a maniac in his fever-fit. The light instantly sunk down and died, and Simon felt a momentary terror, lest he should have to dispute for his life with the youth, whom he knew to be capable of violent actions when highly excited, however short a period his nature could support the measures which his passion commenced. He was relieved by the voice of Eachin, who muttered in a hoarse and altered tone.—"Let what we have spoken this night rest in silence for ever.—If thou bring'st it to light, thou wert better dig thine own grave." Thus speaking, the door of the hut opened, admitting a gleam of moonshine. The form of the retiring chief crossed it for an instant, the hurdle door was then closed, and the hut left in darkness.

In a subsequent scene, where a doe is killed in hunting, Eachin also confesses his moral infirmity to Torquil, his valiant and devoted foster-father, who imputes it to necromancy, and turns all his thoughts to avert its effects, and save his chief on the day of battle.

Meanwhile Rothsay is induced by Ramornay to fly from Perth, and seek refuge in Falkland, whither Catharine is seduced, (charged with heretical opinions, as well as her father) under the plea of being placed within the protection of the duchess, who has, however, left the place. On his way, the Prince again encounters Louise, the glee-maiden, and carries her along with him. She is called upon to exercise her talent; and we are told, "the maiden sung a melancholy dirge in Norman French; the words, of which the following is an imitation, were united to a tune as doleful as they are themselves:

Yes, thou may'st sigh,
And look once more at all around,
At stream and bank, and sky and ground.
Thy life its final course has found,
And thou must die.
Yes, lay thee down,
And while thy struggling pulses flutter,
Bid the gray monk his soul-mass mutter,
And the deep bell its death-tone utter—
Thy life is gone.
Be not afraid.
'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever-fit, and then a chill;
And then an end of human ill,
For thou art dead."

* Another of her songs, in honour of the brave Smith, who had saved her from persecution, was, we are informed, long a favourite in Scotland, under the title of "Bold and True."

"Oh, Bold and True,
In bonnet blue,
Thou'st fear or falsehood never knew;
Whose heart was loyal to his word,
Whose hand was faithful to his sword—
Seek Europe wide, from sea to sea,
But bonny Blue-cap still for me!

At Falkland the deceived Prince enters into some dissolute frolics, which heighten the horror of his approaching catastrophe. Repelled by the virtuous Catharine, the hapless Rothsay is immured in a dungeon, and starved almost to death: he is, however, momentarily succoured by the women, but finally despatched by the assassins. The glee-maiden escapes, and informs Douglas, who advances, takes Falkland, and hangs these bloodhounds, Ramorny, Dwinning, and Bonthron. The interest of the novel, which, as we have stated, grows throughout this last volume, still continues to increase as it verges to its close, with the dreadful contest at the Inch. Of this we must quote a few passages.

"The mountain minstrelsy, which sounded the appropriate pibrochs or battle-tunes of the rival confederacies, was silent when they entered on the Inch, for such was the order which had been given. Two stately, but aged warriors, each bearing the banner of his tribe, advanced to the opposite extremities of the lists, and pitching their standards into the earth, prepared to be spectators of a fight in which they were not to join. The pipers, who were also to be neutral in the strife, took their places by their respective *brattacks*. The multitude received both bands with the same general shout with which on similar occasions they welcome those from whose exertion they expect amusement, or what they term sport. The destined combatants returned no answer to this greeting, but each party advanced to the opposite extremities of the lists, where were entrances by which they were to be admitted to the interior."

The thirtieth man of the Clan Chattan does not appear; Torquill, on the other side, having managed his absence, in the hope that he may get his chief, as also the youngest combatant, left out of the sanguinary struggle; but it is otherwise decreed: the heralds proclaim "that if any one will take his share with Clan Chattan of the honours and chances of this day, he shall have present payment of a gold crown, and liberty to fight to the death in the ranks." "You are something chary of your treasure, chief," said the Earl Marshal; "a gold crown is poor payment for such a campaign as is before you." "If there be any man willing to fight for honour," replied MacGillie Chattanach, "the price will be enough; and I want not the service of a fellow who draws his sword for gold alone." The heralds had made their progress, moving half way round the lists, stopping from time to time, to make proclamation as they had been directed, without the least apparent disposition on the part of any one to accept of the proffered enlistment. Some sneered at the poverty of the Highlanders, who set so mean a price upon such a desperate service. Others affected resentment, that they should esteem the blood of citizens so lightly. None showed the slightest intention to undertake the task proposed, until the sound of the proclamation reached Henry of the Wynd, as he stood without the barrier, speaking from time to time with Bailie Craigdallie, or rather listening vaguely to what the magistrate was saying to him. "Ha! what proclaim they?" he cried out. "A liberal offer on the part of MacGillie Chattanach," said the Host of the Griffin, "who proposes a gold crown to any one who will turn

wild cat for the day, and be killed a little in his service. That's all." "How?" exclaimed the Smith, eagerly; "do they make proclamation for a man to fight against the Clan Quhele?" "Ay, marry do they," said Griffin; "but I think they will find no such fools in Perth." He had hardly said the word, when he beheld the Smith clear the barriers at a single bound, and alight in the lists, saying, "Here am I, Sir Herald, Henry of the Wynd, willing to do battle with the Clan Quhele." A cry of admiration ran through the multitude, while the grave burghers, not being able to conceive the slightest reason for Henry's behaviour, concluded that his head must be absolutely turned with the love of fighting. The provost was especially shocked. "Thou art mad," he said, "Henry! Thou hast neither two-handed sword nor shirt of mail." "Truly, no," said Henry, "for I parted with a mail-shirt, which I had made for myself, to yonder gay chief of the Clan Quhele, who will soon find on his shoulders with what sort of blows I clink my rivets! As for two-handed sword, why this boy's brand will serve my turn till I can master a heavier one." "This must not be," said Errol. "Hark thee, armourer, by Saint Mary, thou shalt have my Milan hauberk and good Spanish sword." "I thank your noble earlship, Sir Gilbert Hay; but the yoke with which your brave ancestor turned the battle at Luncarty, would serve my turn well enough. I am little used to sword or harness that I have not wrought myself, because I do not well know what blows the one will bear out without being cracked, or the other lay on without snapping." The cry had in the meanwhile run through the multitude, and passed into the town, that the dauntless Smith was about to fight without armour, when, just as the faded hour was approaching, the shrill voice of a female was heard screaming for passage through the crowd. The multitude gave place to her importunity, and she advanced, breathless with haste, under the burden of a mail hauberk and a large two-handed sword. The widow of Oliver Proudfeute was soon recognised, and the arms which she bore were those of the Smith himself, which, occupied by her husband on the fatal evening when he was murdered, had been naturally conveyed to his house with the dead body, and were now, by the exertions of his grateful widow, brought to the lists at a moment when such proved weapons were of the last consequence to their owner. Henry joyfully received the well-known arms, and the widow with trembling haste assisted in putting them on, and then took leave of him, saying, "God for the orphans' champion, and ill luck to all who come before him!"

After the first terrible onslaught, "It seemed as if the Clan Chattan had lost rather fewer men than their antagonists; but in compensation, the bloody plaids and shirts of their party (for several on both sides had thrown their mantles away), shewed more wounded men than the Clan Quhele. About twenty of both sides lay on the field dead or dying; and arms and legs lopped off, heads cleft to the chine, slashes deep through the shoulder into the breast, shewed at once the fury of the combat, the ghastly character of the weapons used, and the fatal strength of the arms which wielded them. The chief of the Clan Chattan had behaved himself with the most determined courage, and was slightly wounded. Eachin also had fought with spirit, surrounded by his body-guard. His sword was bloody; his bearing bold and warlike; and he smiled when

old Torquill, folding him in his arms, loaded him with praises and with blessings."

The second encounter is yet more fatal and decisive than the first. "The wild pibroch again sounded the onset; but the two parties approached each other more slowly than at first, as men who knew and respected each other's valour. Henry Wynd, in his impatience to begin the contest, advanced before the Clan Chattan, and signed to Eachin to come on. Norman, however, sprang forward to cover his foster-brother, and there was a general, though momentary pause, as if both parties were willing to obtain an omen of the fate of the day, from the event of this duel. The Highlander advanced, with his large sword uplifted, as in act to strike; but just as he came within sword's length, he dropt the long and cumbrous weapon, leapt lightly over the Smith's sword, as he fetched a cut at him, drew his dagger, and being thus within Henry's guard, struck him with the weapon (his own gift) on the side of the throat, directing the blow downwards into the chest, and calling aloud, at the same time, 'You taught me the stab!' But Henry Wynd wore his own good hauberk, doubly defended with a lining of tempered steel. Had he been less surely armed, his combats had been ended for ever. Even as it was, he was slightly wounded. 'Fool!' he replied, striking Norman a blow with the pommel of his long sword, which made him stagger backwards, 'you were taught the thrust, but not the parry;' and fetching a blow at his antagonist, which cleft his skull through the steel-cap, he strode over the lifeless body to engage the young chief, who now stood open before him. But the sonorous voice of Torquill thundered out, '*Far eil air son Eachin!*' (Another for Hector!) and the two brethren who flanked their chief on each side thrust forward upon Henry, and striking both at once, compelled him to keep the defensive. 'Forward, race of the tiger-cat!' cried MacGillie Chattanach; 'save the brave Saxon! let these kites feel your talons!' Already much wounded, the chief dragged himself up to the Smith's assistance and cut down one of the *Leichtach*, by whom he was assailed. Henry's own good sword rid him of the other. '*Reist air son Eachin!*' (Again for Hector!) shouted the faithful foster-father. '*Bas air son Eachin!*' (Death for Hector!) answered two more of his devoted sons, and opposed themselves to the fury of the Smith and those who had come to his aid; while Eachin, moving towards the left wing of the battle, sought less formidable adversaries, and again, by some show of valour, revived the sinking hopes of his followers. The two children of the oak, who had covered this movement, shared the fate of their brethren; for the cry of the Clan Chattan chief had drawn to that part of the field some of his bravest warriors. The sons of Torquill did not fall unavenged, but left dreadful marks of their swords on the persons of the dead and living. But the necessity of keeping their most distinguished soldiers around the person of their chief, told to disadvantage on the general event of the combat; and so few were now the number who remained fighting, that it was easy to see that the Clan Chattan had fifteen of their number left, though most of them wounded; and that of the Clan Quhele, only about ten remained, of whom there were four of the chief's body-guard, including Torquill himself. They fought and struggled on, however, and as their strength decayed, their fury seemed to in-

I've seen Almain's proud champions prance—
Have seen the gallant knights of France,
Unrival'd with the sword and lance—
Have seen the sons of England true,
Wield the brown bill and bend the yew.
Search France the fair, and England free,
But bonny Blue-cap still for me!"

crease. Henry Wynd, now wounded in many places, was still bent on breaking through, or exterminating, the band of bold hearts who continued to fight around the object of his animosity. But still the father's shout of, 'Apothecary for Hector!' was cheerfully answered by the fatal countersign, 'Death for Hector!' and though the Clan Quhele were now outnumbered, the combat seemed still dubious. It was bodily lassitude alone that again compelled them to another pause. The Clan Chattan were then observed to be twelve in number, but two or three were scarce able to stand without leaning on their swords. Five were left of the Clan Quhele; Torquil and his youngest son were of the number, both slightly wounded. Eachin alone had, from the vigilance used to intercept all blows levelled against his person, escaped without injury. The rage of both parties had sunk through exhaustion into sullen desperation. They walked staggering, as if in their sleep, through the carcasses of the slain, and gazed on them, as if again to animate their hatred towards their surviving enemies, by viewing the friends they had lost. The multitude soon after beheld the survivors of the desperate conflict drawing together to renew the exterminating feud on the banks of the river, as the spot least slippery with blood, and less encumbered with the bodies of the slain."

In the third and last affray the standard-bearers and pipers of both sides join the battle and are slain by each other.

"Meanwhile, young Tormot, devoted, like his brethren, by his father Torquil to the protection of his chief, had been mortally wounded by the unsparing sword of the Smith. The other two remaining of the Clan Quhele had also fallen; and Torquil, with his foster-son, and the wounded Tormot, forced to retreat before eight or ten of the Clan Chattan, made a stand on the bank of the river, while their enemies were making such exertions as their wounds would permit to come up with them. Torquil had just reached the spot where he had resolved to make the stand, when the youth Tormot dropped and expired. His death drew from his father the first and only sigh which he had breathed throughout the eventful day. 'My son Tormot!' he said, 'my youngest and dearest! But if I save Hector, I save all. Now, my darling Dault, I have done for thee all that man may, excepting the last. Let me undo the clasps of that ill-omened armour, and do thou put on that of Tormot; it is light, and will fit thee well. While you do so I will rush on these crippled men and make what play with them I can. I trust I shall have but little to do, for they are following each other like disabled steers. At least, darling of my soul, if I am unable to save thee, I can show thee how a man should die.' While Torquil thus spoke, he unloosed the clasps of the young chief's hauberk, in the simple belief that he could thus break the meshes which fear and necromancy had twined about his heart. 'My father, my father, my more than parent!' said the unhappy Eachin—'Stay with me!—with you by my side I feel I can fight to the last.' 'It is impossible,' said Torquil. 'I will stop them coming up, while you put on the hauberk. God eternally bless thee, beloved of my soul!' And then, brandishing his sword, Torquil of the Oak rushed forward with the same fatal war-cry which had so often sounded over that bloody field, *Bas air son Eachin!*—The words rung three times in a voice of thunder; and each time that he cried his war-shout he

struck down one of the Clan Chattan, as he met them successively straggling towards him. 'Brave battle, hawk—well flown, falcon!' exclaimed the multitude, as they witnessed exertions which seemed, even at this last hour, to threaten a change of the fortunes of the day. Suddenly these cries were hushed into silence, and succeeded by a clashing of swords so dreadful, as if the whole conflict had recommenced in the person of Henry Wynd and Torquil of the Oak. They cut, foined, hewed, and thrust, as if they had drawn their blades for the first time that day; and their inveteracy was mutual, for Torquil recognised the foul wizard, who, as he supposed, had cast a spell over his child; and Henry saw before him the giant, who, during the whole conflict had interrupted the purpose for which alone he had joined the combatants. They fought with an equality which, perhaps, would not have existed, had not Henry, more wounded than his antagonist, been somewhat deprived of his usual agility. Meanwhile Eachin, finding himself alone, after a disorderly and vain attempt to put on his foster-brother's harness, became animated by an emotion of shame and despair, and hurried forward to support his foster-father in the terrible struggle, ere some other of the Clan Chattan should come up. When he was within five yards, and sternly determined to take his share in the death-fight, his foster-father fell, cleft from the collar-bone well nigh to the heart, and murmuring with his last breath, *Bas air son Eachin!* The unfortunate youth saw the fall of his last friend, and at the same moment beheld the deadly enemy who had hunted him through the whole field, standing within sword's point of him, and brandishing the huge weapon which had hewed its way to his life through so many obstacles. Perhaps this was enough to bring his constitutional timidity to its highest point; or perhaps he recollected at the same moment that he was without defensive armour, and that a line of enemies, halting indeed and crippled, but eager for revenge and blood, were closely approaching. It is enough to say, that his heart sickened, his eyes darkened, his ears tingled, his brain turned giddy—all other considerations were lost in the apprehension of instant death; and drawing one ineffectual blow at the Smith, he avoided that which was aimed at him in return, by bounding backward; and ere the former could recover his weapon, Eachin had plunged into the stream. A roar of contumely pursued him as he swam across the river."

Having devoted so much of our space to this splendid and stirring narration, in a line in which the Author of Waverley surpasses all other men, mingling the glow of the valiant warrior with the diction of the inspired minstrel, we are sorry that we cannot extract, as we purposed, the pathetic traits of the character of King Robert. They will be seen particularly in Vol. I. pp. 227-8, 234-5, 254-5, 268; but are, indeed, exquisite throughout, and most touchingly concluded by his exclamation when he learns the fate of his erring but beloved son.

"Be silent, Robert," said he to Albany, who protested his innocence; "be silent! add not perjury to murder. And was this all done to gain a step nearer to a crown and sceptre? Take them to thee at once, man; and mayst thou feel, as I have done, that they are both of red-hot iron!—Oh, *Rothsay, Rothsay!* thou hast at least escaped being a king!"

Except the lamentation of the Psalmist for Absalom, we know of no parallel to this. We

have only room to repeat, that the character of the giddy and irresolute Rothsay is also portrayed with great truth and feeling; and that Louise, the glee-maiden, is original and interesting—more so, in fact, than the heroine; and we cannot do better than vary the sadness of the foregoing tragedy by copying the only remaining poetry, of which she is made the pleasing instrument.

The Tap of poor Louise.

"Ah, poor Louise! The live-long day
She roams from cot to castle gay
And still her voice and viol say,
Ah, maids beware the woodland way—
Think on Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! The sun was high,
It smirch'd her cheek, it dimm'd her eye,
The woodland walk was cool and night,
Where birds with chiming streamlets vie
To cheer Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The savage bear
Made ne'er that lovely grove his lair;
The wolves molest not paths so fair—
But better far had such been there
For poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! In woody wild
She met a huntsman fair and bold;
His baldrick was of silk and gold,
And many a witching tale he told
To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Small cause to pine
Hast thou for treasures of the mine;
For peace of mind, that gift divine,
And spotless innocence, were thine,
Ah, poor Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! Thy treasure's left!
I know not if by force or theft,
Or part by violence, part by gift;
But misery is all that's left
To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succour have!
She will not long your bounty crave,
Or dirt the gay with warning stave—
For heaven has grace, and earth a grave,
For poor Louise."

To this we must add the chant over the body of Proudpute, for the sake of taking in all the poems with which the author has adorned his work.

"Viewless Essence, thin and bare,
Well nigh melted into air,
Suffi with fondness hovering near
The earthly form thou once didst wear;

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,
Be thy course to left or right—
Be thou doom'd to soar or sink,
Pause upon the awful brink.

To avenge the dead expelling
Thee undimly from thy dwelling,
Mystic force thou shalt retain
O'er the blood and o'er the brain.

When the form thou shalt espy
That darken'd on thy closing eye—
When the footstep thou shalt hear
That thrill'd upon thy dying ear—

Then strange sympathies shall wake,
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake;
The wounds renew their clotted flood;
And every drop cry, Blood for blood!"

Researches in South Africa: illustrating the Civil, Moral, and Religious Condition of the Native Tribes: including Journals of the Author's Travels in the Interior; together with Detailed Accounts of the Progress of the Christian Missions, exhibiting the Influence of Christianity in Promoting Civilization. By the Rev. John Philip, D.D., Superintendent of the Missions of the London Missionary Society at the Cape of Good Hope, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. J. Duncan.

From this ample title-page the reader may form a correct idea of the character and objects of this publication, which is replete with much valuable intelligence on all the points of which it treats. Dr. Philip is not only an able man, but an enthusiastic one, in a righteous cause; for though it is not within our province to discuss the questions between him

and those opposed to him, his brethren, and system at the Cape, we are free to express our general opinion, that any mismanagement and any evils which may detract from the beneficial tendency of missionary labours, are but as atoms, when compared to the mass of good which they are calculated to produce.

With a more earnest friend and zealous advocate of the native tribes of South Africa, than the author, it has not been our lot to meet; and it is a consequence of the warmth which he displays, that we should, even more carefully than is our common practice, abstain from entering upon the party questions and debatable grounds, which he advances for discussion and contest. We will, therefore, pass over matters which are of great interest to the missionary establishments, to political and religious arrangements, to government, and to individuals; and confine ourselves to those parts of the work which throw light upon the interior of Africa, in addition to what we before possess, from the pens of Barrow, Campbell, Burchell, Thompson, and other travellers. It may, however, be expedient to sketch the preceding contents.

In his preface, Dr. P. says:—

"My object in the composition of these pages has not been to expose men, but measures; and in preparing them for the press I have studied as much as possible to divest myself of all personal feelings. My motto in all my labours in this cause has uniformly been—I shall 'nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.' The necessity of bringing forward the names of so many individuals in connexion with the disclosures made in these volumes, has been to me the most painful part of the task imposed upon me in the present undertaking."

"The subject of the present volumes renders it necessary that something should be said in this place of the circumstances in which they originated, and of the object proposed by their publication. The sufferings of the natives under the Dutch government have been fully depicted by Mr. Barrow; but it did not begin to be suspected in England till lately, how little their condition has been improved by the change of masters they experienced when the English took possession of the Cape. It seems to have been too easily taken for granted, that because we could declaim against Dutch inhumanity, and because the natives in the first instance viewed our conquest of the colony as a deliverance, that all their early expectations had been realised, and that their oppressions had passed away with the power of their former masters. Such were the impressions, at least, under which I arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in 1819, and such were the feelings I endeavoured to cherish, till I could no longer retain them."

There is another and rather more startling assertion in this preface.

"Government may support an ecclesiastical establishment among a people professing Christianity; but a missionary society, possessing the efficiency necessary to bring savages or barbarians into a state to call for such a provision, is an apparatus which human government can neither fabricate nor conduct with success."

What power could then constitute a missionary society? Does the author mean that it is superhuman? But, as we have said, we are not disputants.

Dr. P. sets out with the early Portuguese and Dutch visits to the Cape, and the settlement of the latter. An historical view of the

Hottentots, Bushmen, &c. follows; and their cruel treatment by the original European colonists, is detailed in numerous instances of oppression and slaughter. The first missions are then described, and the progress of Christianity: biographies of various missionaries, with accounts of their labours, also fill up this division. Dr. P. states, that government at one period sanctioned a plan for exterminating the natives; and contends throughout, that the colonial functionaries and boors league to interfere between the aborigines and their religious instructors, to defeat their just rights, and, in fine, to tyrannise over them. Against these things he appeals to the British government, and claims for Hottentots, Caffres, &c., as a free people, liberal institutions and just laws.

The second volume relates to the origin of the Bushmen, who are represented as superior to the general idea entertained of them. The author adds, that they are hunted and massacred, without provocation, by the colonists on the borders of their territories; in proof of which the testimony of Uithaalder, a chief, is, among other statements, adduced. The Griquas are, it is asserted, equally oppressed: but we pass to more popular and grateful subjects. *Ex. gr.* lion-hunting.

"The lion, which in many points of his character resembles the dog, differs from him in this, that his hearing is not so acute, and he is not, for that reason, easily awaked. When a lion is asleep, particularly after he has gorged himself with his prey, you may walk round about him without disturbing him; and he has this property, that, if he is awaked by anything striking or falling upon him, he loses all presence of mind; and instantly flies off, if he is not confined, in the direction in which he happens to be lying at the time." The wolf and the tiger generally retire to the caverns and the ravines of the mountains; but the lion is most usually found in the open plain, and in the neighbourhood of the flocks of antelopes, which invariably seek the open country, and which manifest a kind of instinctive aversion to places in which their powerful adversary may spring upon them suddenly and unexpectedly. It has been remarked of the lion, by the Bushmen, that he generally kills and devours his prey in the morning at sun-rise, or at sun-set. On this account, when they intend to kill lions, they generally notice where the spring-bucks are grazing at the rising of the sun; and by observing, at the same time, if they appear frightened and run off, they conclude that they have been attacked by the lion. Marking accurately the spot where the alarm took place, about eleven o'clock in the day, when the sun is powerful, and the enemy they seek is supposed to be fast asleep, they carefully examine the ground, and, finding him in a state of unguarded security, they lodge a poisoned arrow in his breast. The moment the lion is thus struck, he springs from his lair, and bounds off as helpless as the stricken deer. The work is done; the arrow of death has pierced his heart, without even breaking the slumbers of the lioness which may have been lying beside him; and the Bushman knows where, in the course of a few hours, or even less time, he will find him dead, or in the agonies of death."

Of the Bechuana superstitions, the subjoined examples are given:—

"One of the keepers at Exeter 'Change was lately killed by a lion, from his ignorance of this peculiarity. On going into the cage of the lion and awakening him, the animal, not seeing any way of escape, instantly killed the man, whom, probably, under other circumstances, he would have caressed."

"In the fountains in this country there is a species of large water-snake. The Bechuana consider these creatures sacred, and believe that if one of them is killed, the fountain will be dried up."

"The Bechuana, and all the Caffre tribes, have no idea of any man dying except from hunger, violence, or witchcraft. If a man die, even at the age of ninety, if he do not die of hunger or by violence, his death is imputed to sorcery or to witchcraft, and blood is required to expiate or avenge it. This sometimes gives rise to indescribable scenes of slaughter and misery. Where the person who dies a natural death has no one to avenge it, or if the person supposed to have occasioned his death is powerful, the feeling, of course, is smothered; but on the death of chiefs or great men, those at variance with them are generally suspected, and a natural death is followed by many murders."

Mr. Moffat, the missionary, penetrated 300 miles beyond Lattakoo, where he found a very populous country: the following extracts are from his Journal.

Maroch, a son of Makabba the king, joined him; and he says, "The wife of Maroch was formerly wife of the Baharootsee rain-maker, who left Lattakoo in 1822. It appears, from her account, that Makabba had invited him to his capital, and after the store-houses were filled with corn, (the supposed result of the rain-maker's pretended skill,) charged him with having bewitched his child, who was sick; and, laying hands on him, killed him, and gave his wife to his own son."

"We *inyoked* early," continues Mr. M., "and before we proceeded far, were met by messengers from Makabba, who said, he had not slept for joy because of our approach. We passed many women who were employed in their gardens; on seeing us, they threw down their picks, and ran to the waggons, lifting up their hands and exclaiming '*Rumaita*,' (their manner of salutation); which was followed by shrill cries, sufficient to affright the very oxen. Seeing that the waggons were obliged to take a circuitous road over the hill to the town, we saddled our horses to cross by the nearest way. On reaching the summit of the hill, at the bottom of which lay the metropolis of the Wanketes, lifting our eyes northward, we were greatly surprised on beholding the number of towns which lay scattered in the valleys. Our guide conducted us through a winding street to the habitation of Makabba, who stood at the door of one of his houses, and welcomed us to the town in the usual way. He seemed astonished and pleased to see us all without arms, remarking, with a hearty laugh, that he wondered we should trust ourselves, unarmed, in the town of such a villain as he was reported to be."

"About sunset, Makabba sent one of his wives, stating, that the only mark of respect which he could at present shew, was, that he had sent his most beloved wife, who would deliver to us a sack full of thick milk, and that to-morrow he would provide us with slaughter-oxen. The sack was so large that one man was not able to bear it to the waggons."

"I made him a present of beads and buttons, with a number of other trinkets. I also gave him a hat; one of the Griquas directed him to put it on his head, which he did, but immediately removed it to the head of another, saying, that 'he could not see its beauty on his own.' During the night, we were annoyed with hyenas, of which there

are three sorts, the striped, spotted, and another very small.

"I visited the town, which is very large; I am not able to judge of the number of inhabitants; but the town itself covers at least eight times more ground than any town I have yet seen among the Bechuanas, so that the population must be very great, compared to South African towns in general: thus, the dominions of the Wankeets would form an extensive field of missionary labour. Makabba's wives, who are numerous, have each a separate establishment, consisting of three or four houses, a corn-house, and a general store-house. They have also a number of round jars for corn, from eight to twelve feet in diameter, and nearly the same in height, which are raised from the ground upon a circle of stones. Their premises and houses are on a plan rather different from what I have seen elsewhere. The houses are not larger, but they are built with somewhat more regard to taste and comfort.

Their outer yards and house-floors are very clean, and smooth as paper. No dairy-maid in England could keep her wooden bowl cleaner and whiter than they. In this respect, they form a perfect contrast to the Batchapees. The front cattle-fold, or place where public meetings are held, is a circle of 170 feet diameter, formed with round posts eight feet high, and as close to each other as they can stand, and each post is hewed round with the axe. Behind lies the proper cattle-fold, capable of holding many thousand oxen; there are also large sheep-folds. In the early part of the day, Makabba is generally employed in cutting out skins to sew together for cloaks: in the afternoon he is frequently found in a state of intemperance. He seems an old man, although his mother is still alive. He is tall, strong, and healthy, but has rather a Hottentot look; and his countenance displays a good deal of cunning. From his conversation, one may easily discern that he is pretty well versed in African politics. He dreads the displeasure of none of the surrounding tribes; but he fears the Makoons, or civilised people. War is almost perpetual between him and the Baqueans, a very populous nation to the N.E. and E. Beyond the Baqueans lies the Mangwatto tribe, distinguished for industry and riches; and beyond the Mangwatto is the Magalatsela, who seem to form the limits in that direction of the aborigines of the country, for beyond them (they say) are a half-white people, who wear linen, and whose manners are very savage.

"The mountains here are adorned to their very summits with stately trees and shrubs unknown in the more southern provinces of the continent, which give the country a fine appearance. The several sorts of game are nearly the same as those of the countries farther south. The rivers to the eastward are infested by an animal which, from the description of the natives, appears to be the crocodile. It is from six to twelve feet long, with four short legs, the scaly parts invulnerable, so that it can only be pierced in the belly or under the neck. It is rather dangerous to cross rivers, as this animal is capable of seizing an ox, which it frequently does. The natives call it the *quean*, and it is probable that the nation inhabiting those parts derived their name from *baquean*, which is the plural of *quean*. The animal is amphibious, and frequently seizes dogs and

other animals which happen to sleep near the river. To the north of the Molopo is found the boa constrictor. This animal is sometimes seen upwards of twenty feet long, and from two to three in circumference. The skin of those I have seen exactly resembles that of the common boa constrictor; but they are less dangerous, as they seldom attack man. They usually prey on a species of antelope, which they seize, divide in two, and swallow."

This being the farthest and latest mission with which we are acquainted, we shall content ourselves with the foregoing extracts, and conclude by recommending Dr. Philip's work to every one interested in the important questions which he examines, whether they agree with, or are adverse to, him.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 12, 1838.

THIS is the season of fairs, fêtes, and repentance. Mont Calvaire was thickly thronged last week by those who happily imagine that the year's sinning is effaced by an open confession. If the intent of him who dedicated this spot to religious purposes was to raise man's thoughts

"From nature up to nature's God,"

no situation could be better chosen; for few, if any, I believe, can look from the summit of this mountain without experiencing that admiration of the Creator which beautiful and picturesque scenery seldom fails to awaken. The weather was delightful, and the hand of enchantment seemed suddenly to have created a little world, where the rich forgot the fatigues and ennui of pleasure, and the poor the toils and hardships of life: nor did the river Lethe produce more thoroughly the effect of forgetfulness of past sorrows, than the benediction of messrs. les prêtres, who sent all light-hearted away. A feast, not "with herbs and fruits supplied," but composed of ham, pies, fowls, not omitting the juice of the grape—was here and there spread on the grass by those provident souls who foresaw the chances of hunger, and which was doubly relished, as partaken of on holy ground, and with pure consciences. Some sang, some walked, others conversed, but none were attacked with the spleen; and the *tout ensemble* was a sight such as to make the saddest heart forget its hours of bitterness. The Duchesse d'Angoulême also visited the holy mount. Several other equipages, full of elegants and elegantes, were, in consequence, there. The court being a religious one, praying is the fashion; and Deists and Atheists become suddenly Christians and Fanatics—which metamorphosis always leads to preferment.

As to see all that is going forward is called pleasure, I went to the fair of Versailles, which really is not worthy of mention, though for days the road from Paris was lined with carriages of all sizes and sorts. It would be difficult to take in with one *coup d'œil* a more incongruous mixture than this same fair presented. Magnificent equipages, filled with richly dressed dames; elegant tilburies, with their still more elegant masters; well fattened steeds, mounted by pampered valets; charettes containing 20 precious souls; one-horse carriages, crammed with high and low;—all arrive *pêle mêle*, to see and be seen: the rich to pity the poor, the poor to envy the rich,—and the *boutiquiers* hoping to cheat both. Booths were erected opposite each other in a straight line; the proprietors of which cried, "*à gorge déployée, voilà messieurs et mesdames, voilà la boutique*," the contents of which proved the poverty of the possessor. Pots, pans, cups, cravats,

garters, caps, ribands, waistcoats à 15 sous la pièce, were the chief goods on sale; and a booth filled with statues of Napoleon at 10 sous la pièce.—*Un Napoléon à 10 sous!!*

"How are the mighty fallen!" In the midst of all this display, a platform was erected for *des acteurs ambulants*, on which a demolition, past her twenties, with head decked in faded roses, and limbs adorned with a tarnished silver *jupon*, performed with all the confidence of a prima donna: her companions, dressed in half militaire, half court dresses, acted a piece called the *Rivals*, and attracted the attention and applause of messrs. les gardes du corps, les gens d'armes, and les bons citoyens. These comedians had, however, formidable *rivals* in a group of monkeys, whose receipts, I rather think, exceeded theirs; and with some justice; for their performance was certainly superior: they also received their share of public honours, and retired to their master amidst loud cheering. Beggars, old fiddlers, organ-players, ballad-singers, fortune-tellers, attended in large numbers; but, I believe, were much less fortunate than messrs. les singes in their speculations—their appeal to humanity being lost in the torrent of noises of all kinds.

Déjeûners dansants are now the rage. The Ambassador of Austria has rendered these entertainments à la mode; and shady bowers and green walks are preferred to wax lights and night-watching. The manner the tables are laid is particularly favourable to tender lovers, who generally manage to group together, and rid themselves of the watchful surveillance of jealous husbands and old dunnas. Coquettes who are on the wane find roses and lilies unfavourable contrasts to their complexions, and exclaim loudly against the *mauvais goût* of daylight re-unions: the sun, being a traitor, betrays white paint, rouge, wigs, and all the paraphernalia of ladies' deception.

Kean, like all great men, *se fait désirer*, and keeps curiosity on the alert: a *sol-disant* indisposition prevented his appearing last week;—to-night he is to perform in *Richard the Third*.—And now I have nothing more to say worth committing to paper, except that a duel took place between one of his majesty's guards and a fair lady, whom, it is said, broken vows and ill-requited love had reduced to despair. However, he who had the courage to break an oath, had no wish to stand fire; therefore managed to replace shot by more innocent materials; so that neither were wounded. They speak of instituting *une cour d'honneur* at Paris. It would be very useful—as in private concerns honour does not exist: all is show; and the foundation of every principle is *convenance* and *apparence*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AFRICAN EXPEDITIONS, &c.

IT is a curious coincidence, that the information we have been so anxiously looking for, as to the certain fate of Clapperton's mission to Soudan, should have been first communicated to Col. Denham, his former fellow-traveller.

Our readers are aware that Colonel Denham left England in the winter of 1826 for Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast, under instructions which had for their object the amelioration of the condition of the thousands of liberated Africans who are there located, after seizure by his Majesty's ships cruising for the suppression of the slave-trade:—and that a system has been adopted by that intelligent officer, which in its operation has already proved highly beneficial to this helpless and unhappy class of his Majesty's subjects, does not surprise us.

¹ One night one of these animals carried off a child, which was a common occurrence; for, after bed-time, they stroll through all the lanes of the town, and bear off whatever they can seize.

By letters, dated early in February last, we learn that he was at that time at the settlement of Accra, on the Gold Coast, and was there informed by the commandant that poor Clapperton's servants had very recently arrived at Whydah, after a tedious and perilous journey of eight months from Soudan;—and that he afterwards saw them on board the *Esk*, and received from them the painful details of his friend's sufferings and death. Col. Denham was on his way to our newly acquired possession on the island of Fernando Po, in order to inform himself of its capabilities as an improved settlement for the liberated Africans, for which its geographical position very strongly recommends it, being only a few days' sail from the most distant of the rivers where the depôts of this detestable traffic are established.

Our letters do not allude to the recent appointment of Colonel Denham to the sole government of the colony of Sierra Leone, for which his visit of inspection to Fernando Po naturally accounts. And we cannot but feel some regret on his account, after having seen it mentioned in the papers that his stay in that unhealthy climate would not exceed nine months, that he is now charged with a duty and responsibility which, we are sure, he is singularly qualified to fulfil, yet which must compel him to remain there for a lengthened period. If it shall be the will of Providence that Denham should return, now poor Clapperton has fallen a victim to his sincere and arduous exertions in the cause, he will be the only surviving officer of the three* missions sent out by our Government since 1821, for penetrating into the interior of Africa;—in which we have to regret the loss of six enterprising individuals, whose courage and whose fate alone should claim distinction—besides the too great probability of the death of Major Laing at Timbuctoo, and Dr. Dickson in Soudan, of whose existence scarcely a hope remains.

The climate of Accra is described as greatly preferable to Sierra Leone, which would lead us to infer favourably of Fernando Po.

Thirty-four thousand ounces of gold dust are said to have arrived at that place alone during the last six months: and if peace can be kept with the Ashantees, a great increase may be expected.

FERNANDO PO:

Seven Days' Residence with the Natives.

[From a Journal of a visit into the interior of our new settlement, we have made the following selections, in the hope that, after what we have already stated concerning it, they will prove interesting to the majority of readers.—Ed. L. G.]

THURSDAY, 8th Nov.—Walked a long way up the mountain in company with some of the natives, and at length came to their huts—mostly square buildings, with the sides of split wood, interwoven with palm leaves. The fire in the centre is kept up during the night as well as the day. My new friends were very harmless: one carried my hammock; another my bag, which they kept feeling to ascertain if there were any knives in it, the objects of their great desire. The path was slippery and fatiguing, but they assisted me in every way they could. The hut in which I slept was about five yards square, and very dry and clean. For supper I had some yams; my companions had a dish of greens chopped up with some fruit and oil, which I thought very nauseous to the taste. After supper, I went to bed and slept awhile.

* One to Bornou, performed by Oudney, Denham, and Clapperton; one to Timbuctoo—by Major Laing alone; one to Sackatoo, by Clapperton, with three companions.

when I was awakened by persons coming in. No women slept in the hut; and after eating some roasted yams, the new visitors lay down and went to rest.

Friday, 9th.—By daylight the natives were stirring, and one of them, I believe a priest, began to make hideous noises, while *all the rest crossed themselves* in different parts of the body. After this ceremony, he gave them clay wherewith to rub themselves. An old woman then brought in some boiled yams in a basket, and some greens in an earthen dish, which the host served out. They appear to feed sometimes in one hut, and sometimes in another. When any individual enters, nothing is said to the intrusion: whoever comes has a share of the feast offered to him.

After the yams were eaten, the native who particularly accompanied me, and whom I called *Canning*, took me to the king's hut, which was larger than that in which I slept, but not enclosed. The king and a number of his principal chiefs were seated round, as were also his wives and children; and they all shook hands with me very cordially. There were twenty and sometimes thirty natives in the hut, for the weather was very rainy; and we had yams five or six times during the day. The king's wives and families slept in half-a-dozen adjacent huts. There was no sign of poultry or meat (fowls or sheep); but towards evening a large rat was brought in, and roasted entire, without skinning, or cleaning of any kind. I was glad to say adieu before it was devoured as a dainty. The presents of axes and iron from Captain Owen to his majesty were shewn with much parade; and I was importuned to bring knives and pieces of iron when I renewed my visit. I returned to my old abode to sleep.

Saturday, 27th.—At daylight the priest repeated his religious duties, drinking freely of *topy* (palm-wine). In an hour, a woman brought seven or eight pieces of yam, and part of the rat, which the king had specially sent to me. I got credit by handing it over to my friends. Making signs for water to wash, a boy was despatched with calabashes to fetch it. The natives were exceedingly surprised to see my ablutions, as they never wash themselves. I then made them comprehend that I wanted to wash my clothes; upon which they took me to a brook, where I performed that operation, and hung my garments on stakes to dry: they were not touched all day.

I walked about to several huts, and, like the people themselves, was quite at home wherever I went. Made signs to *Canning* as we passed along, where a fowl was tied to a hut, that I wished to have one: he said something to the inmates, and carried it to another hut, where the king and a number of chiefs were assembled. They had got a kid, which they were about to kill. Two of them held it up by the legs, and the king cut its head off, and then smeared the blood about the chiefs. A priest in the company was preaching all the while; but when the decapitation was over, the body was given to my friend *Canning* to skin, which he managed very speedily, cut the kid into pieces, and laid them before the fire. The priest presented a piece to each, which they put on the fire, entrails not excepted, and all was consumed indiscriminately.

One of the king's wives came to the priest and shewed her wrist: he took hold of it, and pinched it very hard for a time, and then motioned as if he had extracted something from it and charmed the disease away. Rubbing the part with clay, this extraordinary and skillful cure was completed.

At the king's hut I had some yams and part of the fowl for supper; the rest I brought away with me. Near this place is a large piece of clear ground, used, as I understood, for general assemblies of the natives.

Sunday, 11th.—Went with *Canning* more into the town than I had been before, and, to my great surprise, saw a child, not exactly white, but of a pale yellow colour. The moment he caught a glimpse of me, he ran and hid himself in a hut, seeming to be much more frightened than the other children. *Canning* took me further up the hill to another patch of huts, where I suppose he lives; a mess of yams and greens being brought to him as soon as he was seated. After he had eaten his meal, he went to another hut, and took down a calabash, in which were some bracelets, and into this he put his knife. They were very anxious to have my knife; one old woman, in particular, continued teasing me the whole time I was there, and would have given any thing for it. We stayed a good while, and then returned the same road we came, followed by women and children shouting. We stopped at a hut, situated about midway, which I believe belongs to the old chief that visits the ship; in this were hung up one of the hats and cloaks presented by Captain Owen. An elderly man came in, and gave me three yams; as I was hungry, I told them to dress one for me. After finishing my repast, we went to the king's hut, where a party was eating yams: in fact, from sovereign to peasant, all live on them: it is a great rarity to them to have a kid or goat. We then adjourned to another hut, in which the inmates were engaged in roasting a rat, and an animal of the badger kind, but much smaller. They were cooked whole, without skinning, and then hung up; not being intended to be eaten that night. I did not see any *palm-wine* in the town to-day, therefore suppose it had been sent to the ship; but the women brought a good supply in the evening. The king soon after left the assembly, and was quickly followed by *Canning*: the chief in whose hut I slept, took me home also. On the road I saw two white children (*Albinos*)—one a boy, the other a girl.

Monday, 12th.—I was now so sick of yams that I could hardly touch them; the king sent boys out, after a consultation, to catch a fowl for me, which they did, and having brought it in, plucked it entirely like Plato's man, and only killed it on my making signs for them to do so. They were then going to broil it whole, but I had it cut up, and gave them the entrails for their pains. The rat was also roasted again, and they pressed me much to partake of it; but I made them believe that Capt. Owen would cut my throat if I did, so they ceased to persecute me. On walking out, after this, I saw a white woman (*another Albino*)—a fat, hideous figure. She walked away immediately.

I again went to the brook to wash my clothes. A great many children came to look at me, and one little fellow approached and helped me to wash. When I had finished, I spread out my clothes before the hut. The chief told me the king wished to see me; so I carried my papers to his hut, and wrote a little, which I explained to him as intended to be read. A lamb was then brought in, and some of it roasted; part being hung up for me to carry away: they ate it without vegetables, but a piece of yam which I left in the morning was given me; and they begin to see that I like meat and yam together. We had plenty of *palm-wine*, and I was presented with a small calabash to take home.

Tuesday, 13th.—Breakfasted on the lamb and some yams; and afterwards went to the king's hut. I roamed about by myself a good deal to-day; but durst not go far from the huts. I was left in the charge of a stupid old man, who sat singing to himself the whole time. I had nothing to eat during the remainder of the day, till the chiefs came home: I suppose they had been hunting, as they brought in two young deer. Wherever I went, I was sure to have a score of women and children following me; but if I offered to turn round, they all ran off directly.

Wednesday, 14th.—After walking a little way, I saw some persons within an enclosure: they proved to be the king and a number of chiefs, and were digging up the ground with large stakes: four of them thrust their stakes into the soil, and then *prized* it up: they did not dig up the whole, but only the spots they intended for planting. About noon they left the place, and I could not learn what they were going to set.

[It was afterwards rather solemnly intimated by his sable majesty, in a court of council, that a great many knives would be very acceptable; and our friend was dismissed. On the morrow he set off, accompanied by several chiefs; and on the 16th reached his ship in perfect safety. We have other journals of this kind, which we shall abridge for insertion.]

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, May 10.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Simpson, Queen's College; Rev. F. Dobson, Merton College; Rev. W. Fawcett, M.A. of Gonville and Calus College, Cambridge, incorporated of Magdalen Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. E. Whittington, Brasenose College, Grand Compendium; T. Child, W. Holton, Queen's College; W. Mayo, Magdalen Hall; R. Ellis, Jesus College; J. M. Elton, Balliol College; H. W. Torrens, Student of Christ Church; E. Green, Scholar of University College; E. Blencowe, Scholar, P. Barrett, J. Davenport, Wadham College; Hon. J. J. Carnegie, C. P. Gough, J. F. Christie, L. C. L. Branton, Driel College; A. B. Moyer, Exeter College; H. W. G. Brewster, St. John's College; W. W. Champneys, Scholar of Brasenose College; A. Neate, B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, incorporated of Trinity College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 10.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. W. Bucke, J. H. Hawkins, Trinity College; T. C. S. Kynnerley, St. John's College; Rev. D. Laing, Rev. C. Rockett, Rev. H. West, St. Peter's College; Rev. A. Hussey, Corpus Christi College; T. Ramharg, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. Coleman, Christ College; C. T. Carpenter, Sidney College.

At the same congregation, J. Ball, M.A. Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, was admitted *ex eundem*.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MAY 8th, a communication was read to the Society, containing some *Particulars of the Earthquake felt in the Netherlands, and in some of the Frontier Towns of France, on the 23d of February last*. Extracted from a letter to Captain Sabine, from Professor Quetelet, Director of the Royal Observatory at Brussels.

The number of earthquakes which are on record as having been experienced in the Netherlands, for many centuries past, does not exceed six or eight; and none of them have been productive of disastrous effects. Within a space of ten years, during the last century, three only took place, one of which happened in 1755, immediately after the great earthquake at Lisbon; and the last was in 1760. The one which has lately occurred was particularly felt along the banks of the Meuse; and its greatest violence was felt in the towns of Liège, Tongres, Tivielemont, and Huy: many of the walls and buildings of which suffered considerable injury—but, happily, no lives were lost. In the adjacent towns of Maestricht, Namur, Louvain, and Brussels, strong shocks were also experienced; but their violence diminished in pro-

portion to the distance from the former, or principal, seat of concussion. They appear also to have been sensibly felt at Bonn, Dusseldorf, and Dordrecht, on one side, and at Flushing, Middleburg, and Dunkirk, on the other—although they were not perceptible at many of the intermediate towns. Slight shocks were also experienced at several of the frontier towns of France, as Avesnes, Commercy, and Longuyon; as also at the coal-mines near Liège, at the depth of from fifty to sixty toises; in which latter case they were accompanied by a hollow sound, resembling that of a heavily laden wagon. The direction in which the shocks were propagated appears to have been from east to west.

For some time before the earthquake the weather had been fine; but it became cloudy on the evening which preceded it, and continued so for several subsequent days. At Brussels the barometer had fallen during the three preceding days from 29.421 inches to 29.044; on the night before the earthquake it had risen to 29.126; and a few moments after the event, it stood at 29.233. It continued afterwards to rise; and on the 27th it had reached 30.166. At Liège, however, the barometer remained very low after the earthquake.

The shocks lasted about eight or ten seconds.

There have been experienced, since the 23d of February, slighter shocks; and these also were preceded by a great depression of the barometer.

Another communication was also read, giving an *Account of some Particulars concerning an Earthquake experienced at Bogota, and in the Cordillera between Bogota and Popayan, on the 16th of November, 1827, and the following days*. Contained in a letter from Colonel Patrick Campbell, Secretary of Legation to James Bandalin, Esq. of the Foreign Office. Communicated by Captain Sabine.

The earthquake is described by the narrator as occurring suddenly, at half-past six o'clock in the evening, whilst he was at dinner. It was announced by a loud rumbling noise; the whole house shook with violence; the decanters and glasses on the table being thrown down. The family ran for shelter under the door-way of the principal floor, which they had no sooner reached than they witnessed the fall of the towers of the cathedral opposite to them, with a dreadful crash. The whole tremor lasted about a minute. The first shock consisted of a long, undulating motion; the next was quick and violent; and the party found it difficult to preserve their balance, and were affected as if from sea-sickness. The damage sustained by the town of Bogota is immense, and has been estimated at about two millions of dollars, independently of the destruction of the cathedral, which had been completed about nine years ago, and the building of which cost 800,000 dollars. The government palace, and almost all the public offices and barracks, have either been rendered useless, or severely shattered. Of the churches, only those of the Capuchins, Carmelites, and the chapel of the convent "de la Enseñanza," can be said to have escaped without injury. Few of the houses above one story high are habitable, and even many of the low houses have been thrown down. The whole of the upper part of the Barrio del Rosario, consisting of buildings of this latter description, now present nothing but a heap of ruins. Many habitations which had withstood the first shocks, have given way under those which followed, although incomparably less violent. The injury to dwellings

has been remarkably unequal in different parts of the town—some streets having only partially suffered, while others are totally destroyed. Amidst this widely spreading destruction, it is fortunate that the loss of lives has been very inconsiderable, being, in the city of Bogota, limited to only five or six persons.

It appears that the earthquake was not felt much to the north of Bogota; but to the south the devastation has been most extensive. Throughout the whole of the plain of Bogota, as far as the towns of Purificacion and Neiva, there remains no church or public edifice of importance that has not been either overthrown or materially damaged. In the towns of Purificacion and Iboque, the shock was so powerful as to throw down many houses constructed of cane, with thatched roofs. In Neiva, not only were all the public buildings destroyed by the earthquake, but torrents of rain conspired to increase the havoc. Even straw huts were levelled with the ground; and the roofs of some of them taking fire, added to the horror of the scene, and to the extent of the calamity. Great part of the plain of Neiva was inundated: this was productive of considerable loss of lives, particularly on the banks of the Magdalena, the current of which was at first considerably lessened; but a great flood succeeded, and swept down vast quantities of mud and other substances, emitting a strongly sulphureous vapour, and attended with a general destruction of the fish.

These and other facts render it probable that some volcanic eruption took place in Tolima, an old volcano of Tocaima, from the mouth of which it is reported, that of late dense columns of smoke have been seen to arise, and more remarkably so on the day of the earthquake; as also from the ridge of mountains of Santa Ana in Maraquita, and the Paramo of Ruiz, which is a part of the same Cordillera, and contiguous to that of Tolima.

Popayan, which is 200 geographical miles S.S.W. of Bogota, has also suffered much from the same earthquake; many houses having fallen in consequence of the violent shocks that continued to succeed each other every six hours up to the evening of the 18th, which is the date of the latest intelligence from that place. The torrents of rain with which they are accompanied, have proved a great aggravation to the misery they have created. At Patea, still farther to the S.S.W., the devastation has been still greater: some of the largest trees having been thrown down by the concussions. It is hence inferred, that eruptions have taken place at the same period in the volcano of Pasto; and the wide crevices which have appeared in the road of Guanacas, leave no doubt that the whole of the Cordillera has sustained a powerful shock.

In the plains of Bogota considerable crevices have also opened, and the river Tunza has already begun to flow through those which have appeared near Costa. In other parts of the Cordillera, although the earth has continued in motion for a quarter of an hour without intermission, the movement has been nearly insensible, and observable only by means of the compass or the pendulum.

ORIENTAL TRANSLATIONS.

IN our last we shortly mentioned the first general meeting of the subscribers to the Fund for the Translation of important Oriental Works, of which a description was contained in the *Literary Gazette* about three months ago, (see No. 574,) when its prospectus was originally issued; and we now go on to

fulfil our pledge of giving a more detailed account of the proceedings. The chair having been taken by Prince Leopold, Sir Gore Ouseley, as chairman of the Committee to whom the subscribers had delegated the power of arranging the infant association, and laying the basis for its future labours and prosperity, read a very gratifying report of what that Committee had done. Among other matters of peculiar weight and interest, coming from a body of men not only of the highest talents, learning, and acquirements, but most of them conversant, by study and experience, with oriental literature, we notice with pleasure several statements which afford great promise of what the public have to expect from this Institution, in unfolding both ancient and modern Asia to the knowledge of Europe.

From the liberal support already received, the subscriptions amounting to 1099*l.* 7*s.* per annum,* the Committee feel assured of the most important results being produced by this undertaking. To accelerate, improve, and complete the objects developed in the prospectus, corresponding committees are establishing in various parts of Asia. The Royal Asiatic Society, several directors of the East India Company, and the English Universities, have severally stepped forward in favour of the plan. It has been communicated to Turkey, Persia, Egypt, and the Barbary States, whence assistance of every kind may be anticipated; particularly in rare manuscripts and other productions which are likely to throw a light upon the earliest ages of the world, and upon the religions, customs, manners, and pursuits, of its inhabitants at all times. Not an Indian court, from Ceylon to the confines of the Punjab, Tibet, and China, but will learn what is the intention of this subscription; and no doubt many of them will in like ways contribute to promote its universally beneficial purposes. Turning from these regions, our marts and settlements in the Eastern Ocean offer similar facilities for intercourse with the most distant islands of its Archipelago and the coasts of China and Japan; while the various missionary establishments in Palestine, the Caucasus, and the Malayan peninsula, and the enlightened agents of the Russian government along the whole southern frontier of that immense empire, to the farthest limits of Kamtschatka, command the means of making the existence and the objects of the Society still farther known and appreciated. That immense literary, and considerable pecuniary, assistance will flow from these well-directed exertions, we are firmly persuaded; and it is also certain, that the governor-general of India, and the governors of its component departments, as well as the learned bodies at the three presidencies, will join with hearty zeal in furthering the progress of an institution at home, which is countenanced by so many powerful and influential persons.

The only alterations which appear to us to have been made since we first stated the constitution of the Oriental Translation Society, are—1st, the creation of a second class of subscribers; and 2d, the sale of a certain number of each of the works printed at the expense of the Fund. As the subscribers of ten guineas each are to be entitled gratuitously to a fine-paper copy of every publication by the Committee, the class now proposed of annual subscribers of five

guineas are to be allowed any of the works so published, to the amount of the subscription, at the cost of half the price at which they are sold to the public. With regard to the second proposition, of selling to the public a proportion of every edition, it is estimated that it will tend materially to lighten the common expense.

After congratulating the subscribers on the prosperous state of the Fund, and the encouraging prospects which opened on every side, the report went on to mention, that voluntary and unbought aid had been tendered by many eminent orientalists in this country; and expressed a confident belief that, in addition to enjoying the honour of fostering an important branch of learning, and rescuing the national character from the charge of neglecting eastern literature, in the cultivation of which this country is above all others interested,* the subscribers would annually receive books greatly exceeding their subscriptions in value. The circulation of the prospectus has already induced competent individuals to undertake translations of oriental works, and has attracted much attention to Asiatic literature. Thus, Sir Alexander Malet has presented the Committee with a valuable collection of eastern MSS., made by his father, Sir Charles Malet, during his residence in India.

The publications are to consist, generally, of the texts in the original languages, with English translations; but in peculiar cases, with translations of French and Latin. The Committee is empowered to give annually, for such works as it may consider deserving of distinction, four rewards in money, in sums of from 50*l.* to 100*l.* each, and four gold medals, of the value of fifteen guineas each.

Although, in selecting works for the press, the principal object will be to increase historical and general information, we rejoice to hear that works of fiction are not to be altogether overlooked. These will gratify many tastes which more grave and recondite reading does not suit, and give a pleasing variety to the series. But besides, the East has furnished many highly interesting specimens of this species of literature, which materially illustrate the customs and feelings of the people; and its apoloques and romances are nearly as much entitled to consideration as its more directly useful and elaborate productions. The following remarkable list of curious works, some of them already nearly prepared for the press, shews with how much discrimination and judgment the Committee have made their selection:—

- Class I. *Theology, Ethics, and Ecclesiastical History.*
1. The Cural, a work on Ethics. Written by Tiruvalluven. Translated by Richard Clarke, Esq. This ancient work, written in the purest style of Tamil poetry, possesses a very high reputation in the whole of Southern India.
 2. The Annals of Elias, Metropolitan of Nisibis. Translated by the Rev. Josiah Forshall, A.M. This Syriac chronicle contains chronological tables of the principal dynasties of the world—brief memoirs of the Patriarchs of the Nestorian church—and notices of the most remarkable events in the East, from the birth of our Saviour to the beginning of the eleventh century.
 3. The Akhlak e Nasiri of Naser ud Din of Tus in Bucharia. Translated by the Rev. H. G. Keene, A.M. This Persian system of Ethics is an elaborate composition, formed on Greek models, and is very highly esteemed in Persia.
 4. A Collation of the Syriac MSS. of the New Testament, both Nestorian and Jacobite, that are accessible in England. By the Rev. Professor Lee. This collation will include the various readings of all the Syriac MSS. of the New Testament in the British Museum, and the Libraries at Oxford, Cambridge, &c.

* The probable effect of this association, in exciting our young civil and military officers in India to a close study of the oriental languages, is another advantage not to be forgotten.

5. The Didascalia; or, Apostolical Constitutions of the Abyssinian Church. Translated by T. P. Platt, Esq. A.M.

This ancient Ethiopic work is unknown in Europe, and contains many very curious opinions.

6. The Bustan of Saadi. Translated by James Rose, Esq. A.M.

This is a much-admired Persian poem, consisting of Tales, &c. illustrative of moral duties.

- Class II. *History, Geography, and Travels.*
7. The Tareki Afghan. Translated by Dr. Bernhard Dorn.

This is a Persian History of the Afghans, who claim to be descended from the Jews. It will be accompanied by an account of the Afghan Tribes.

8. The Travels of Evlia Effendi. Translated by Counselor Von Hammer.

This work contains an account, in Turkish, of the travels of Evlia in all parts of the Turkish Empire, and in Turkestan, &c. in the early part of the seventeenth century.

9. Naima's Annals. Translated by the Rev. Dr. Henderson.

This Turkish History comprises the period between 1632 and 1692; and includes accounts of the Turkish Invasion of Germany, the Sieges of Buda, Vienna, &c.

10. Ibn Khaldun's History of the Berbers. Translated by the Rev. Professor Lee.

This rare and valuable Arabic work contains an account of the origin, progress, and decline of the dynasties which governed the northern coast of Africa.

11. The great Geographical Work of Idrisi. Translated by the Rev. G. C. Renouard, B.D.

This Arabic work was written, A.D. 1163, to explain a large silver globe made for Roger, King of Sicily; and is divided into the seven climates described by Ptolemy.

12. Makrisi Khlata; or, History and Statistics of Egypt. Translated by Abraham Salame.

This Arabic work includes accounts of the conquest of Egypt by the Caliphs, A.D. 640, of the cities, rivers, ancient and modern inhabitants of Egypt, &c.

13. Part of Miklond's Rozet ul Sufia. Translated by David Shea, Esq.

The part of this Persian work selected for publication is that which contains the history of Persia, from Kaimur to the death of Alexander the Great.

- Class III. *Belles Lettres.*
14. Meher va Mushteri. Translated by Dr. Bernhard Dorn.

This is a popular Persian poem, which celebrates the friendship and adventures of Meher and Mushteri, the sons of King Shapur and his grand vizier.

15. Hatim Tae. Translated by Duncan Forbes, Esq. A.M.

This is a popular Persian romance, which narrates the seven peripatous adventures of Hatim, an Arab chief.

16. Ferhad va Shirin. Translated by James Mitchell, Esq.

This Persian poem contains the tale of Ferhad, a celebrated statuary, and Shirin, Princess of Persia. It also includes several curious legends relating to Adam, Mahomed, &c.

Want of room compels us to postpone the conclusion of this report till our next *Literary Gazette*, when we trust to throw some very curious light upon the literature now existing in India.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

BEFORE proceeding to the School of Painting (by far the most interesting portion of the present Exhibition), we shall notice some further attractions in the Great Room. We left off with one of Mr. Collins's pictures; we will recommence with another.

No. 86.—*Taking out a Thorn.* W. Collins, R.A.—Interesting, as well from its simplicity as from the skill with which it is executed. The little rustic group, accompanying their suffering companion, and the aged operator, are all in keeping with the scene. Every thing is unaffected, and as it should be.

No. 33. *A Bull of the Alderney Breed.* J. Ward, R.A.—This, and No. 223, *A Cow of the Alderney Breed*, by the same artist, are among the wonders of the Exhibition. At least, to those who are unacquainted with all the mysteries of feeding and breeding cattle, they certainly appear to be phenomena.

No. 52. *Jan Steen taking down his Sign, and resuming his Profession of a Painter.* J. Van Regemorter.—We refer our readers to the quotation in the Catalogue, from Campowyerman's *Lives of the Dutch Painters*. It is curious, as illustrative of the character of the artist, the

* Another pillar of strength is, that his Majesty has become patron of the Fund; and almost every member of the Royal Family, together with the Ministers of the Crown, and many of the most distinguished Nobility and persons of consideration connected with India, its ardent supporters.

Morland of his day; only that his subjects were derived from the brutish of human beings, while those of Morland were drawn from the natural in animal life. This picture is Flemish in its execution; and is well treated both in colouring and chiaroscuro. It suggests one observation, however, which we cannot refrain from making; namely, that if Jan Steen had lived in our days of multitudinous art, we think he would have paused before taking down his sign!

No. 17. *A Mother caressing her Child.* R. Westall, R.A.—In expression, Mr. Westall is rarely deficient. Subjects of flesh and blood, however (such as this is), require truth in the representation of them; and will not bear to be refined away, on some imaginary principle of delicacy, until the stamp of nature is wholly effaced.

No. 54. *An Old Bridge at Hendon, Middlesex.* F. Watts.—We do not remember noticing the landscapes of this artist before; but we have now to compliment him on a performance which, if it does not belong to the exalted or classical in that department of painting, is at least natural, pleasing, and picturesque.

We leave, for the present, the Great Room, with its mass of splendid portraiture; and enter that which contains a far more diversified and generally interesting assemblage of pictures. And first of the first, in awful grandeur and appalling ruin, stands—

No. 340. *An Attempt to illustrate the Opening of the Sixth Seal.* F. Danby.—“Chaos is come again,” would be an insufficient motto for this extraordinary production. It is, indeed, a stupendous scene. The sublime description in the Revelations has suggested to the artist, as the materials of his work, the wreck of a world; lightning, volcanoes, earthquakes, falling rocks, yawning chasms, and all the other dreadful indications of “the wrath of the Lamb.” A picture like this is scarcely amenable to criticism. It violates no probability; for in such circumstances, what can be considered improbable? Still, Mr. Danby has so far adhered with fidelity to what we have experienced, that all his varied effects of livid light or bursting flame have evidently been derived from their prototypes in nature; although we have never before beheld them in such terrific accumulation and array. The foreground is rendered visible by cold gleams from the upper part of the picture (representing “the heavens departing, as a scroll when it is rolled together.”) and exhibits every frightful shape of desperation and death:

“Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Outburns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they poured;
Stars rush; and final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o’er creation.”—Young.

On turning our back upon these pictured horrors, we are confronted by the gaieties of a scene as opposite as the antipodes; namely,

No. 282. *Boccaccio relating the Tale of the Bird-cage.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—On land, as well as on water, Mr. Turner is determined not merely to shine, but to blaze and dazzle. Watteau and Stothard, be quiet! Here is more than your match. If Mr. Turner had called his picture of last year “a sketch,” in the manner of Rembrandt; or if he had called the present production “a sketch,” in the manner of either of the above-mentioned artists, it might have been supposed that, although he had overshot the mark in glare and glitter, yet that, had he proceeded, he would have added those redeeming qualities without which such tinsel is an offence, not only against the principles of art, but against common sense. With respect to the details in this gaudy experiment,

the less they are inspected, the better for the reputation of the artist.

No. 248. *Henry the Third of France.* R. P. Bonington.—“Who put my man i’ th’ stocks?” said the indignant Lear, after having found his faithful adherent in that unenviable position. With a similar feeling we say, Who put this picture here? Why is the pain of stooping till one’s back is nearly broken to be inflicted as the price of the pleasure of looking at this able performance?—a performance which it would have done credit to the judgment of the Academy, had they placed it in the best situation the rooms afford.* Besides possessing a harmony of colouring which would be honourable to any school of art, the subject is treated in a most masterly manner. As a graphic illustration of the character and habits of the French monarch, it may be ranked with some of the well-described scenes by Sir Walter Scott in *Quentin Durward*, or any other of his historical novels.

No. 243. *The Vicar of Wakefield reconciling his Wife to Olivia.* G. S. Newton.—We should have said “endeavouring” to reconcile his wife; for the matter does not seem to have been accomplished. The picture is, however, replete with the pathos and expression which belong to the subject,—one of the most touching passages in one of the most admirable novels in the English language. The figures are certainly too tall; but, with that slight exception, the performance throughout is highly creditable to the talents of this distinguished artist.

Now for *The Drunkard*, as he is represented in No. 322, by G. Clint, A., “being the first picture of an intended series.” This performance has dwelt upon our minds, and haunted our imagination, from the moment we first saw it. Mr. Clint’s *Drunkard* is no maudlin, staggering idiot, the object merely of ridicule and contempt; he is a ferocious maniac, exciting in the beholders terror and detestation. This graphic sermon may, in their intervals of reason, teach those who are addicted to the disgraceful vice of intoxication, to see, mark, learn, and (we hope) inwardly digest, the useful lesson it conveys.—From this mental wreck, this perversion of humanity, we turn to a work of a very different character, gay and exhilarating, and which, nevertheless, by an odd coincidence of situation and circumstances, is in a certain way connected with the subject of our last notice: we mean No. 274, *The Hop Garden*, by W. F. Witherington.—Scenes of more animated character can hardly be imagined than those which are afforded by the vintage and the hop-gathering; and yet, owing to the perverseness of human nature, how often are they productive of the most baneful consequences! We must not, however, confound the use of a good with its abuse; nor reject moderate enjoyment because excessive enjoyment is pernicious. But not, by our further reflections, to rob these excellent artists of the praise which is their due, we hasten to say, that in composition, character, and colouring, both Mr. Clint and Mr. Witherington have shewn the greatest skill, and exhibited their talents to the utmost advantage.

THE FALL OF NINEVEH.

If any thing could add to the reputation of this extraordinary artist, it would be his *Fall of Nineveh*, the exhibition of which was opened to the public on Monday last; and our second view of which fully confirmed the high opinion

* The mantle of the Great Room would have been the proper place for this picture.

which we expressed of it in the *Literary Gazette* of the 26th ult. Mr. Martin seems to have exhausted his invention, and concentrated his talent, on this magnificent production, which comprehends all that is gorgeous in human splendour and mighty in human strength, with all that is sublime and destructive in elemental commotion. It is impossible to imagine any thing more awful and imposing than the whole spectacle. Intensely powerful in its general effect, the minuteness and variety of its details are so curious and wonderful, that we fear they will fail to be appreciated by the spectator without the aid of an opera-glass. It is a picture on which a volume, instead of a paragraph, might easily be written.

ARTISTS’ BENEVOLENT FUND.

THE anniversary of this Institution, on Saturday last, was very numerously attended, and had the Lord Chancellor in the chair, supported by the Duke of Somerset, Lord Goderich, Lord Farnborough, Lord Grantham, Lord Durham, Sir T. Lawrence, Sir J. Swinburne, Messrs. Phillips, Daniell, Bailly, Mulready, Eddy, R. A.’s, &c. &c. The subscription (independently of 500*l.*, a moiety of the price paid to Mr. Mulready for an engraving from his picture of the Wolf and the Lamb, which that artist has generously presented to the Fund) amounted, as the newspapers state, to above 1000*l.*

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE LITERARY FUND ANNIVERSARY.

Of all the Funds instituted for benevolent purposes in this great metropolis, it is not too much to say that this, which has for its object the relief of literary distress, is the most deserving of public patronage. We would institute no invidious comparisons between it and the multitude of other most praiseworthy associations, whose humanity and charity are an honour to the English nation,—but simply point out, that all these are limited in their sphere to particular cases or classes, whilst the calls upon the Literary Fund are as widely diffused as literature itself, and as universal as the existence of letters. The patient to a fever-hospital, the sojourner in a work-house, the widow and the orphan in an asylum, the blind, the deaf, the diseased, the aged, the forlorn, the destitute of every description—the mechanic and the trader, the actor and the artist,—may each possess their separate sources where to seek the alleviation of their several sorrows and sufferings; at the same time, under other circumstances, and in another character, as *authors*, they may all bring their distresses before this Society—

“Claim kindred there, and have their claim allowed.”

It is another consideration of much moment, and one that ought to have great influence in directing the favour of the high and wealthy towards this charity, that those who advocate its cause are not interested in its success, except by feelings of compassion and philanthropy. Many other institutions are actively and productively befriended by parties who have a prospective benefit to look to in their prosperity: they are to aid a joint-stock fund, of which they are members, or to help their brethren or themselves, should they unhappily fall into trouble or decay;—but the poor man of letters—the lowly drudge in the laborious duties of the pen—the unfortunate aspirant to fame—is not the founder or supporter of the Literary Fund—strangers must plead for him, with sympathy only for their fee and reward. For these among other reasons, we think the ap-

peals made on behalf of this charity are more deserving of attention than any other. The objects whose miseries it is directed to relieve, are diffused throughout the whole mass of civilised life: of all others, they are, perhaps, the least suited to buffet with the busy world and command success:—of all others, their hopes have been the highest, their imaginations have been warmed by the gayest and most deceitful dreams of fortune and of glory;—and of all others, their fall from the pinnacle of such bright delusions into the dark abyss of disappointment, penury, pain, and wretchedness, is the most helpless and desolate. Their endeavour has been to serve and enlighten their fellow-men, and in their sad estate, surely they deserve pity and consolation from those for whom, however unwisely, they devoted their talents and their toils.

Although the anniversary meeting of Wednesday, at the Freemasons' Tavern,* was not so numerously attended as might have been expected from the prevalence of these sentiments, it was, nevertheless, adorned by the presence of some eminent personages, who expressed themselves on the occasion in language which reflects lustre on the highest station, and promised their zealous support to the Fund hereafter, in a manner that cannot fail to be productive of great future advantages. Among these, we ought in justice to particularise Lord Goderich and Lord F. L. Gower; and also Lord Shrewsbury, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. J. Cam Hobhouse, and Dr. Lushington.

We observe several of the newspapers, in giving an account of the meeting, intimate a regret that comparatively few of the distinguished authors and eminent booksellers, whose duty it is to befriend this excellent Institution, were amongst the company. In some respect this reproach is merited, and we would not say those to whom it can apply from one stripe of its just infliction. To be callous to the misery which this Fund alleviates, by tempering with a providential hand the wind to the shorn lamb, is unworthy the character of any man pretending to a love of literature, and far more unworthy of the prosperous cultivators of that field which has proved so sterile and thorny to their unfortunate fellow-labourers. But it ought to be remembered, that business, illness, and many other insurmountable reasons, may keep good men from attending; and we have little right to pronounce opinions, where we cannot know the grounds of action, or rather, in this matter, of inaction. And if some were away, who ought to have been with us, both for their own sakes and the sake of humanity, there were yet a number of distinguished literary characters present; and as far as regards booksellers, we

saw a fair proportion of the leading publishers of the kingdom, near where we sat in the room, including partners of the house of Longman and Co., Mr. Murray, Mr. Harding, Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Butterworth, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Harris, Mr. Underwood, Mr. Ainsworth, &c. Mr. Maunder was one of the stewards; and other booksellers, prevented from appearing in person, sent their donations.

His Grace the Duke of Somerset, president, took the chair soon after six o'clock, and about 120 sat down to dinner. The cloth being removed, "The King, our munificent Patron," always the first standing toast of the Society, was drunk with acclamations, and followed by the usual loyal bumpers and songs. "Prosperity to the Literary Fund," was also given with great applause; and Mr. Fitzgerald recited a poem, in which the benevolent purposes of the Fund were enforced. His exertions were thanked by a toast from the president. The Earl of Shrewsbury, in a brief speech, complimentary to the noble chairman, and warmly approving of the Society and its objects,* gave the health of the Duke of Somerset; for which his grace returned thanks. Lord Goderich, in an eloquent, manly, and feeling address, paid a tribute to the genius, patriotism, and virtues of Mr. Canning, who, but for his lamented loss, would have presided this day; and proposed a tribute to his memory, which was drunk in solemn silence, and with deep emotion. His lordship's observations, indeed, produced a powerful sensation; and while he taught his hearers how to love and honour the dead, he also did what was not his intention—he taught them to admire and honour the living. His lordship's own health was accordingly the next, and loudly cheered by every voice. Lord F. L. Gower, also, on receiving a similar compliment, returned thanks in a very impressive manner, alluding with appropriate felicity to Mr. Lockhart's Life of Burns, to support his reasoning on behalf of the unfortunate, for the relief of whose wants they had met together. In the course of the even-

ing, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Hobhouse, Dr. Lushington, Sir W. Clayton, Mr. Adolphus, Mr. Blanshard, severally spoke, as toasts called them up; and by them all, the same benevolent train of ideas was pursued and enforced by various apposite illustrations. To crown the whole, Dr. Yates reported subscriptions to the amount of £700: and a day of much gratification to all who witnessed the proceedings, was happily concluded by the auspicious promise of the following names to commence the list of stewards at the next anniversary:—

Lords Shrewsbury and Goderich; Sirs Geo. Duckett, Thomas Phillips, R. H. Inglis, and T. Lawrence, (President of the Royal Academy); Davies Gilbert, Esq. (President of the Royal Society); Rev. Dr. Sleath (Head Master of St. Paul's School); Messrs. Sams and Jennings (Booksellers).

MUSIC.

DE BEGNIS' CONCERT.

On Monday this popular performer had a morning concert at the Argyll Rooms, which was very fully and fashionably attended. The grand attraction of the day was the return of Madame Ronzi de Begnis, who looked like an angel, and sang like a seraph. She took a part in a duet with the Signor, and gave an aria from Mozart;—was so enthusiastically received, and loudly applauded, that she was almost overpowered by her emotions. The rest of the entertainment was extremely well arranged, and supported by a great display of musical talent. Caradori, Brambilla, Mesdames Puzzi, De Vigo, Stockhausen, &c., were heard to much advantage; and several of the principal male singers in town exerted their best efforts for their brother artist. Signor Puzzi gave an admirable fantasia on the horn: and the whole went off with great éclat.

MR. CYPRIAN POTTER'S CONCERT.

The first movement of Mr. C. Potter's *Idionia*, which opened this concert, was so good, that it made us wish for the second; and we hope the cordial reception it met with from the public, will be an inducement to bring it forward on a future occasion as a complete piece. Mr. P. also displayed much talent as a composer, as well as taste and execution as a performer on the piano-forte, in his concerto with rondo à-la-chasse and his rondo à-la-militaire. Miss Stephens sang sweetly in "Softly sighs," from *Der Freischütz*, and also in the duet with Mr. Vaughan, "Qual anelante," by Marcello. Caradori was delightful in Pacini's aria from *La Schiava in Bagdad*, "Sommo Ciel;" and Brambilla pleased us much in "Alma Rea," from Rossini's *Sigismonda*. The quintetto from *Il Turco in Italia*, "Oh guardate," also gave scope to the powers of these ladies, in concert with Signori Curioni, De Begnis, and Pellegrini. Signor De Begnis displayed his accustomed humour, both in this quintet, and in the duet "D'un bell' uso," from the same opera. Mr. Oury received much applause for his performance on the violin; and Mr. Nicholson executed a fantasia on the flute in his very best style. The overtures of Beethoven and Mozart were exceedingly well performed.

THE MASTERS SCHULZ, FROM VIENNA.

MANY of our readers may remember these young musicians, who, by their performances on the piano-forte and guitar, delighted royal and fashionable circles some few years ago. Since that period they have been maturing the talents then so strikingly displayed, and have returned with increased claims on the attention of musical amateurs. Immedi-

* They are thus forcibly described in the address printed by way of preface to the book of subscribers:—"It is not the purpose of the Literary Fund to reward able authorship, which should look for its reward to the nation; nor to encourage bad authorship, nor to sustain the idle, nor to indulge the profligate: but to interpose, as far as it may, between the meritorious and those calamities against which rank of merit can be always a security; to lift up the honourable and cultivated mind crushed by misfortunes that defy human prudence; to save those from falling whose fall would be a scandal to the literary honour of the country; to help those who cannot help themselves; to save the half-ruined from being wholly ruined; to prevent casual poverty from being degraded into desperate privation; sickness from being turned into death; and, where death is inevitable, to soften the dying hour, by the feeling that the widow and orphan of the man of genius will not be cast loose to the bitter chances of the world. It is a praise which the Literary Fund takes proudly to itself, that it has done this in a multitude of instances; and if it have not done it in all, it is neither from narrowness in its principle nor defect in its conduct. It has restricted its hand by no invidious limits of class in society, religious persuasion, party feeling, or place of birth. It receives all claims alike; desires no other attestation than the evidence that its bounty is necessary, and then distributes to the utmost of its means. Since its commencement in the year 1790, the Literary Fund has relieved, in an essential manner, upwards of one thousand cases; some of them of a remarkable nature, and in which the result of the relief was immediate and public. But the few instances which may have thus escaped into observation, can furnish no estimate of the actual extent of service. How vast a mass of lonely misery the bounty of the Fund may have lightened, or even extinguished; how many sinking spirits it has cheered to new exertions; what sick beds it has made the beds of health; what years of helpless decay it has made years of comparative comfort; what agonies of mind among a class of men whom the habits of their whole lives, their education, and intelligence, render most vulnerable in the mind, have been healed,—must be beyond human record: but they will not be forgotten where it is most important for men, and even for institutions, that they should be remembered."

* It may not be so generally known as we wish to make it, that in order to promote the interests of this Fund, many of the Members of the Committee of Management (at which Sir B. Hobhouse efficiently presides), and other friends of the charity, form a Club, which meets monthly for about eight months of the year, in London; and that a more general meeting is annually held at Greenwich. At this meeting, which, though of a social kind, does not repress the great object of the Society, valuable Stewards for the following anniversary are often enlisted in the most agreeable way; and gentlemen, previously unacquainted with the Institution, have, from pleasantly mingling with its friends here, become themselves its ardent supporters. Foreign literati are also frequently brought to this rendezvous, and share with no small delight in our English custom of holding festival (with white bait, and "all appliances to boot"); and combining with it the best feelings of the heart: for the Committee sits in the early part of the afternoon to administer relief to the wretched; and its close is devoted to the same end, while enjoying the pleasures of good-humoured relaxation. Having said so much, we ought to advertise those who are, and those who wish to be, benefactors of the Literary Fund Society, that the 18th of June is the day fixed for the Greenwich anniversary.

ately on their arrival, His Majesty signified a wish to hear them again; and after their performance, was pleased to command their attendance at St. James's Palace on the following evening. The Masters Schulz have brought over a newly invented instrument, called the *Eol-Harmonica*, which, in concert with two guitars, produces a most beautiful and surprising effect.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Thursday night Pasta's benefit took place, and an overwhelming audience contributed to swell her receipts. Pasta and Sontag appeared together in *Otello* and *Desdemona*, and were evidently performing out of their accustomed walks. Pasta's part (*Otello*) is the one usually assigned to Curioni; and Sontag, in *Desdemona*, could not have been placed in a situation less suited to her line of talent. Notwithstanding this, the performance went off well; and, indeed, the mere appearance of the two *prime donne* together, being "a sight," was enough to fill the house.*

REVIVALS are the order of the day. At Drury Lane Colman's "paw-paw" farce of the *Gay Deceivers* followed on Saturday evening Congreve's "fie-fie" comedy of *Love for Love*. Were either piece sent in new to the theatre at the present day, how the licentious red ink and the printer's black would flow in judgment against it! But the ancient and the dead may sin with impunity.† Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* was revived on Thursday evening, with music composed and selected by Mr. Braham and Mr. T. Cooke, as a makeshift for the airs of Mr. Bishop, whose "linked sweetness" was so "long drawing out," that the manager lost his patience, and the composer gave up his engagement. We will deliver our important opinion respecting this revival in our next No. At Covent Garden the rival *Aladdin* has also been revived, with a label in his mouth like that of the Black Bear in Piccadilly—"I am the original." The Drury Lane opera having been turned into a melo-drama, the Covent Garden melo-drama has been transformed into an opera. We do not think either has benefited

* It is pretty well known, we believe, to all who attend the Opera, and to many who do not, that the late manager, Mr. Ebers, was a loser to a fearful extent by this concern, and that his bankruptcy was the consequence of his engagements connected with it. The responsibility of a lessee of the Opera is so extensive, and the success of the best management so precarious, that any one who engages and fails in the perilous enterprise, is entitled to all the assistance that can be rendered him by those to whose tastes the undertaking was to minister. In this situation we think the late manager stands. His shipwreck has been a total one.

The object of these remarks is to impress on our readers the justice of affording Mr. Ebers some slight compensation for his losses, in the easiest and most appropriate way, by a benefit at the King's Theatre. The produce would, it is true, be trifling, compared to the amount of his losses; but it could not fail to be of service; and the testimony it would afford of public sympathy would be worth something. La Porte, who is, we believe, a liberal man, would of course permit the use of the house, on being indemnified against the expenses; and many, if not all the performers, would, we are sure, contribute their services gratuitously.

The managers of foreign theatres, it is known, have aid from their governments, under whose control and protection the theatres are, and are thus secured against any important loss. If these things are ordered otherwise here, it is because it is considered that the liberality of the public supersedes the necessity of such an arrangement. We should be glad to see this opinion confirmed, though we doubt not its justice;—a more favourable opportunity of practically evincing its truth cannot be pointed out, we think, than the one we have suggested.

† We had fallen here into the vulgar error of believing that the waggish author of *My Night-gown and Slippers*, &c. was no more. While this was passing through the press, however, a friend remarked to us, that George Colman the Younger could not possibly be dead yet, as he knew, from the best authority, that his publisher expected him to "end his life" in the course of a few weeks.

by the process. The public are, however, gainers, inasmuch as that by the present arrangement they are enabled to see Miss Foote in the one, and hear Miss Stephens in the other, *et ça vaut toujours beaucoup*.

VARIETIES.

The last bad Puns, &c.—Why is the completion of the building of the King's New Palace an event to be despaired of? *Ans.* Because it has already had an untimely dome!

Why is A the best letter in the alphabet for a deaf woman? *I:* makes her hear!!

A French officer, appointed to command a storming party, to which some of the Irish brigade belonged, was delivering his opinion on the question, whether it was the duty of the commander, on such an occasion, to lead the men, or direct them from the rear;—and seemed rather inclined to think the latter most expedient for the benefit of the service. "Bah!" cried an Irish officer, "I'll tell you what, Colonel, It is a custom more honoured in the breach, than in the observance."

In making the sewer across Piccadilly, the gable of the corner house in White-horse-street gave way; the remainder was, however, supported by props; and it was remarked, there was no end to that house.

Why does a catter seem fonder of grief than any other man in England? He is always crying, "Come hither wo!"

The surgeons at Horse-monger Lane have, it is said, changed their professions, and turned blacksmiths. Their first work was in the way of *Cast Irons*.

Among the causes lately tried in the King's Bench, was the strange one of Knight v. Darke. The damages were nominal.

Why did a fat fellow, dreadfully squeezed in going in to the Opera, become very complimentary to the ladies? The pressure made him flatter.

What is the slight difference between a warrior and an infant? The one is *in* and the other *under* arms.

Price of Musical Talent.—A letter from Vienna mentions, that the celebrated violin-player Paganini is giving concerts there, each of which brings him above 600 florins convention money, *i. e.* 600*l.* We mention this for the encouragement of those who do not pillage Mr. Bull.

During the last few days Messrs. Stewart, Wheatley, and Adlard, have been selling the very extensive and valuable library of Thomas Edwards, Esq. of Halifax. We have seldom seen a more complete collection belonging to a private individual; and some of the best works are finely illustrated. The prices, though considerable, have not appeared extravagant: the sale continues.

The number of the new works that have been published at the last Easter fair at Leipzig, as stated in the annual fair catalogue, amounts to 3234, viz.—2852 books, including smaller works, as pamphlets; 191 novels and tales; 37 dramatic pieces, whole collections counting each for one number; 116 maps, globes, &c.; 33 musical works; 5 games. The books in foreign modern languages, exclusive of the preceding list, amount to 336. As works eminently good, Professor Beck mentions, Ehrenberg's *Natural-Historical Journal* in Egypt; Mailath's *History of the Magyar* (Hungarians); Lancizolle's *History of the Rise of the Prussian Monarchy*; Salvandy's *History of King Sobiesky*. The number of publishers is stated at 401.—*Beck's Repertorium.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Survey Literary Institution.—On Monday evening a meeting of the inhabitants of Camberwell and its vicinity was held at the Grove House tavern, Camberwell Grove, to consider a plan for the erection of a building in which the Committee might conduct the affairs of the Institution on a more extended scale than had been hitherto practicable. The Rev. J. Vane, A. M. President of the Society, took the chair, and was supported by many of the most influential residents in the neighbourhood.

The report of the Committee detailed at great length the financial state of the Institution, from which it appeared that the income of the Society was fully adequate to its annual expenditure upon its present establishment, and that very numerous advantages would result from the erection of a spacious and convenient lecture-room, with library, reading, and conversation-rooms, &c. to defray the expense of which it was proposed to issue proprietors' shares at 10*l.* each, the holders of which might avail themselves of all the privileges of the Institution, without any annual payment. The managers, in conclusion, congratulated the meeting on the highly prosperous condition of the Society, and urged the adoption of the plan as a measure of public benefit and private convenience. At the close, a subscription was entered into, and a considerable sum raised.

In the Press.—*Subterraneous Travels* of Niels Klim, from the Latin of Lewis Holberg.—A Manual of Ancient History, considered in relation to the Constitutions, Commerce, and Colonies, of the different States of Antiquity, by A. H. L. Heeren, Professor of History in the University of Göttingen; translated from the German, in correspondence with the learned Author.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ross on Steam Navigation, 4to. 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*—Three Days at Killarney, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Bainbridge's Fly-Fisher's Guide, second edition, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Bennett's Fishes of Ceylon, No. 1. 4to. 1*l.* 1*s.* sewed.—Britton's Cathedrals, 4*s.*, Gloucester, No. 1. 12*s.* sewed; Architectural Antiquities, Part VI. 4to. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Chronicles of the Canonage, Second Series, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Jewett's Sermons, 2 vols. 12mo. 10*s.* bds.—Stewart's Sermons, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Bartlett's Discourses, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Mortimers; or, Vale of Machyulaeth, 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Athenians of the Fall of Nineveh, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*—Herman's Records of Woman, and other Poems, fcp. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Recollections of Royalty, by C. C. Jones, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 5*s.* bds.—Continental Traveller's Oracle, by Dr. Eldon, 2 vols. fcp. 15*s.* bds.—Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Lambert's Imaginary conversations, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Dialogues on Prophecy, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Village Plans and Domestic Sketches, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Harp of Judah, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Guide to Importers and Purchasers of Wine, 12mo. 5*s.* cloth.—Letters from Cambridge, post 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—The Cambrist's Compendium, royal 8vo. 20*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 8	From 44. to 59.	29.84 to 29.85
Friday 9	33. — 61.	29.96 — 30.03
Saturday .. 10	33. — 64.	30.11 — 30.07
Sunday 11	47. — 65.	30.00 — 30.03
Monday 12	48. — 65.	30.11 — 30.16
Tuesday .. 13	38. — 68.	30.18 — 30.16
Wednesday 14	38. — 71.	30.12 — 30.06

Wind variable: prevailing N. and S.W.
Generally clear, a little rain on the 10th.
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Declined, C. F. S.

Armistice's advice cannot be taken. What he and his friends object to, enables a journal to be at great expense in obtaining variety of information, not the less valuable for being condensed.

X. Y. Z. at our office.

For the present we can only thank T. H. S. C.

We shall endeavour to reply to a number of correspondents, who require private letters, in the course of a few days: the extreme pressure of the instant claims upon us at this busy period, will, we trust, be our apology, even to the most urgent of them.

The mass of interesting matters of a temporary nature, relating to general literature, the fine arts, scientific proceedings, and distant expeditions, which press upon us at the present hour, has compelled us this week to abridge our Review, though so largely occupied by one popular publication. Pelham, the Croppy, Ward's Mexico, Athenians of Nineveh, and other works, are thus unavoidably postponed—besides many articles of a miscellaneous character.

ERRATUM.—In the account of Captain Kater's paper on the Vertical Floating Collimator, given in the last No. of the *Literary Gazette*, at line 34 the telescope of the collimator is by mistake stated to be 40 inches long, which is the length of the zenith telescope. It should have been stated that its focal length is 8 inches, and its aperture 1 inch and a quarter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

Society of British Artists. The Fifth Annual Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Art by Living British Artists, is open daily, from Nine till Six.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
JOS. CARTWRIGHT, Secretary.
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

THE GALLERY of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, in Pall Mall East, is now OPEN every day, from Nine till Seven.
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

THE EXHIBITION of PORTRAITS of the most illustrious Personages of English History, from the Galleries of the Nobility, and from Public Collections, is now open, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, No. 4, Pall Mall East.
Admission, by Tickets only, which may be had on application as above.

MR. J. B. LANE'S great PICTURE, painted at Rome, and by which he incurred the Censure of the Inquisition, OPENS on MONDAY, at the King's Mews. Entrance free. Catalogue, 1s. 6d.
Admission, 1s.—Explanation and Statement, 6d.

THE DEATH of VIRGINIA, a grand Picture by MONSIEUR LE THIÈRE, (Painter of the "Judgment of Brutus"), opened this Day at the Roman Gallery, in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, Historical and Descriptive, with a Copper-plate Engraving, 1s.

MR. MARTIN'S PAINTING of the above PICTURE is now open to the Public, at the Western Exchange, Old Bond Street.
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s. From Nine o'clock till Six.

DR. ASHBY SMITH will begin his Summer Course of Lectures on Diseases of the Skin, on Tuesday, May 27, at his House, 15, Bloomsbury Square. These Lectures, illustrated by Drawings, and founded upon the Arrangement and Classification of the late Dr. Willan, form a practical Course of Instruction in Eruptive Complaints, and comprise a Full Detail of the Nature, Symptoms, and Treatment of these Diseases.
Further particulars may be known by applying to Dr. Smith, at his Residence above mentioned.

The late John Kemble.
Cotnam, Son, and Co. Printmakers to the King, Pall Mall East, beg leave to inform the admirers of the late Mr. Kemble, and the Admirers of the Fine Arts, that they have nearly ready for publication.

A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT of this great ACTOR, in the Character of Cato, from the much-admired Picture painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. by Mr. & Co. The Print will form a Companion to the Portrait of Mr. Kemble in Hamlet.
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London: Published and sold by Messrs. Moon, Roys, and Graves, Printers to the King, 6, Pall Mall; also sold by F. G. Moon, Threadneedle Street.

SUBSCRIPTION for the WIDOW of the late Mr. WILLIAM JAMES, the Author of the "Naval History of Great Britain."

The "Naval History," by the late Mr. James, is too well known to require any eulogium. All the Reviews and other Periodical Publications, bear ample testimony to its merits, and to the talent and inflexible impartiality of its author. In the compilation of his voluminous History, Mr. James spent the best years of his life, and prosecuted his arduous undertaking under difficulties that few could have imagined. Although he laboured under great pecuniary embarrassments, and although promises and threats were exerted to subvert his moral courage, yet nothing could induce him to swerve, for a moment, from his duty as an impartial Historian.

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